The Nation.

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The Week.

It is true that this country is always crossing Presidents before it comes to them, but the process, this year, seems to be more premature and gratuitous than ever before. Usually, the thing has been done more quietly. There would be a certain amount of newspaper thundering in the index about this or that candidate; chairmen at banquets would "have the honor of presenting to you the next President of the United States"; but the real work of shaping political forces and securing delegates would be done without advertisement or blare. The Fairbanks method is the time-honored one. But vociferous days demand something more noisy; and, accordingly, we have all these battle-cries from Ohio and the resounding action of New York Republicans, more than a year before the National Convention meets. These anticipatory alarums and excursions have their drawbacks. Battles won in advance have a way of not staying won. On Sunday, for example, the friends of Secretary Taft in Washington, including the great and good friend in the White House, were all smiles over the news from New York that the State Committee had refused to endorse Hughes for the Presidency. That left a clear track for Taft. But Monday morning brought a rude awakening. Senator Foraker kicked over the agreement which Boss Cox of Ohio was supposed to have made with his consent, to give Taft the solid Ohio delegation without a contest. The defiant Senator now declares that he will not be bound by any understanding entered into by the Taft managers and Boss Cox; that he will set at naught any deliverance in favor of Taft by the State Committee, and will carry the contest for control into the party primaries. This makes a great change. If Foraker adheres to his determination, Secretary Taft will be under the handicap, as a candidate, of having to fight for his own State. Such are the vicissitudes of a combat prematurely forced.

One reason why Gov. Hughes has been so long without the support of the politicians in his party is that he himself is not a politician. Having held no offices, trained with no organization, taken orders from no bosses; but having merely been called upon in a great emergency, as a man of brains and character, to save the State from a riotous demagogue, it was not strange that the hardened politicians of the party should look upon him with a certain amount of jealousy and dislike. If a novice like him could succeed at the first trial, what would become of the mysteries of the political profession? Some such questions must have been in the minds of those who have pityingly said that "Hughes does not know the political game," and who have stood apart to see him make a mess of it by himself, and then call upon them in despair for their indispensable aid. But it did not work that way. At present, it seems simply to be in dispute which one of the disgruntled politicians can first get to the Governor to swear fealty. The sudden turn of events in favor of Gov. Hughes is thus only one proof more that a leader who actually leads will not lack for a following. Mr. Hughes has not solely sought to ascertain public opinion; he has endeavored to shape and direct it. His speeches revealed not merely a strong man, but a good cause; and the two together still make up the greatest political force known.

The Merritt bill, which passed the New York State Assembly Thursday, providing for a convention of invited delegates from other States to recommend uniform legislation on utilities, divorce, and other subjects, merely embodies a movement that has been very general this year. And there have been other indications that the States are resolving to make themselves more effective in their own fields. This is due in part to an impulse to assert themselves against encroachment of Federal authority, and in part to a feeling that was growing even before Secretary Root's much-discussed speech. Undoubtedly, the State Governments had a reputation for laxity a few years ago. The ludicrous dissimilarity of their laws failed to impress itself upon the country, only because so few of these same State laws were respectably enforced. In a dozen ways they are now working toward efficient coöperation. Just what the Merritt bill's chances are in the Senate, we do not know. But, if New York does not take the lead in the movement for uniform legislation, it is certain that some other commonwealth will.

Besides its incidental vindication of the doctrine asserted by Senator Spooner, in the debates on the Rate bill, that Congress has no power, after creating a court, to limit its judicial powers, the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Arkansas River case has most important practical bearings. Kansas virtually accused Colorado of stealing her river. Colorado was using water from the Arkansas River for productive irrigation projects, which would have been destroyed had the Court upheld to the full the Kansas contention. As it is, Justice Brewer's opinion is truly applied common-sense. Colorado must not be allowed to monopolize the water, says the Court in effect, but both States are entitled to use it exactly as if they were neighboring riparian proprietors under the jurisdiction of the same State. "Equality of right and equity between the two States forbids any interference with the present withdrawal of water in Colorado for purposes of irrigation." Justice Brewer adverts to the fact that, if Kansas could have enjoined Colorado and its citizens from abstracting water, Oklahoma, into which the Arkansas River next passes, could have taken the same action against Kansas. Such down-stream tyranny has at least been averted.

For a commonwealth that everybody admits deserved Statehood years ago, Oklahoma is certainly having a good many troubles. It is now in the air that the Constitution, though it was adopted by a convention that made a record for endurance and embodies every modern improvement known to mankind, may be rejected by the President, after all. Of course it is a radical Constitution, for it has accepted the results of all the "advanced" legislative experiments made in any of the States. If that were all, it would be in little peril of rejection, since much of the experimenting of late has been done by Western Republican Governors and Legislatures. But this Oklahoma Constitution is an arrogantly Democratic instrument. The Democrats unexpectedly controlled the Constitutional Convention about as completely as if it had been assembled in Georgia or Texas. They did as they pleased with their power, and paid no attention to the conservative and succinct report of the minority. They have even gerrymandered the new State, a practice abhorrent to the party of moral ideas, and have assured an initial Democratic Legislature, in any event short of a wholesale massacre. It is this which brings the great leaders of Republicanism into conclave. They are meditating the employment of the last terrific weapon in the party arsenal—a speech by Mr. Taft. He is to address the Republican Convention next month, and if, as forecast, he gives the Democrats to understand just what will happen if they forward the Constitution to the President in its present form, the reply will surely be, "Don't fire; I'll come down."

Complete data for the movement of English and American prices in 1906 are now at hand. For England, the index number computed annually by Mr.

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Sauerbeck rose from 72 to 77, or about 7 per cent.; while for this country the statistics of the Bureau of Labor show an advance from 115.9 to 122.4, an increase of 5.6 per cent. Mr. Sauerbeck's figures indicate that the rise of prices was most marked in the group of textile products, and least so in the group of food products. The tables of the Bureau of Labor show that metals and implements, lumber and building materials, with cloths and clothing, contributed most to the general upward movement. Since 1896 and 1897, when prices touched the lowest level, the movement of the index numbers in the two countries has been as follows:

Year.	England.	U.S.	Year.	England.	U.S.
1896	61	90.4	1902	69	112.9
1897	62	89.7	1903	69	113.6
1898	64	93.4	1904	70	113.0
1899	68	101.7	1905	72	115.9
1900	75	110.5	1906	77	122.4
1901	70	108.5			

Clearly enough, the reactionary tendencies which kept the general average nearly stationary from 1900 to 1904 have spent their force, and prices are now advancing with great rapidity. Since 1896, English prices have risen 26.2 per cent., while American prices have increased not less than 35.4 per cent.

Mr. Campbell's famous "New Theology" has had hard things said of it by the orthodox; now it catches a drubbing from the other extreme. In the May *Positivist Review*, Mr. Frederic Harrison pays his respects to the movement which is so mightily stirring the English churches. In it, he is not able to see anything essentially "new." He says of it that it is "almost in terms" a "revival of intellectual developments" often encountered during the past century in various communions, even within the Catholic Church; and applies to the new gospel the hard saying: "It is a more or less conscious effort to water down the popular conception and creed of Christianity into a very fluid form of Christian ethicism, and even Christian pantheism." Of course, Mr. Harrison cannot close without putting in a special plea for his own particular "religion of humanity," which is what Mr. Campbell and all his kind are, he says, dimly feeling after. Lucky for Mr. Harrison that Matthew Arnold is not still alive to attack him again on that issue! For the rest, in his zeal to confute "The New Theology" philosophically, he seems to ignore the moral and humane enthusiasm which undoubtedly burns in its votaries.

The four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Calvin occurs in the same year with the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the University of Geneva. It was first established as the Académie de Calvin in 1559, and became a university only in 1873, with regular faculties of theology, law, medicine, and natural science. Charles Bargeaud, one of the professors of law, published a few years ago an elaborate history of the institution, which has had on its rolls names famous in European letters and science; among them are those of De Luc, the geologist, who was a contemporary of Cuvier; Merle D'Aubigné, the historian of the Reformation, and Adrien Naville, the present professor of logic. There are now more than a thousand students at the university. A committee has been appointed to make plans for celebrating the jubilee, and to invite foreign scholars to be present. The expenses are to be met—at least partly—by the proceeds of a fair to be held next year under the auspices of the leading women of Geneva. The festival itself will recall the intellectual and revolutionary history of the Swiss metropolis in earlier times. "To every nation in danger," says Michelet, "Sparta sent, instead of an army, a Spartan. So it has been with Geneva. To England she gave Peter the Martyr; to Scotland, Knox; to the Netherlands, Marnix—three men and three revolutions."

Too much importance can easily be attached to the "soul-history" of a professional *littérateur* like Joris Karl Huysmans, who has just died at Paris. He began his career as a crass realist, he ended in mediæval mysticism, and on the way passed through various philosophical and emotional vagaries which it has been habitual to characterize as steps in a consistent evolutionary process. How sincere were Huysmans's successive conversions? If sincere, in the ordinary sense of the word, how indicative of actual change beneath the falling and swell of the literary emotional surface? The fact that Huysmans passed from extreme naturalism to extreme supernaturalism may mean only a taste and capacity for dealing with primary colors and strong lights, such as is by no means uncommon among Huysmans's compatriots. Ludovic Halévy is the author of probably the most widely accepted text-book idyl in the world, "L'Abbé Constantin," though in his Offenbachian librettos and elsewhere he has shown that he by no means lacked the Attic salt. Zola himself, Huysmans's first master, has written beautiful idyls. The gifted French author, with his talent, is like the small boy with his new jack-knife: not at all averse to show how many different things it can cut. When he's horrid, as he likes to be so often, he's very, very horrid; but when he's good, he can very often beat the sentimentalists at their own game. But in so doing he does not avoid the sense of the false note to be found in Théophile Gautier when he protests his equal susceptibility to the beauty of Venus Anadyomene and of the Virgin.

So far as the Hague Conference itself is concerned, we can only commend Mr. Root's insistence upon a discussion of the question of disarmament. The Conference bids fair to be timid enough; if it is afraid even to talk about the limitation of armies and navies, it is likely to become the laughing stock of diplomatists the world over. It matters not that Germany has announced that her delegates will not participate in such a discussion. Von Bülow has left a loophole by saying that, if the rest of the nations make some practical suggestion, Germany will promptly consider it. Now, the Chancellor should be taken at his word; the energies of the American and British delegates should be directed to finding some plan which the Germans will be compelled to consider. The British Government has shown its good faith by a limitation of its naval programme—subject to the action of the Conference. If the American delegates assume an active leadership in this matter, England will surely fall in line. It would be a great misfortune if, in deference to Von Bülow's utterances, Campbell-Bannerman should permit the question to drop. As Mr. Root says, even if there were no direct practical results from such a discussion of the limitation of armaments, the mere canvassing of the subject might still be a long step in the direction of peace.

We have frequently pointed out how quietly and steadily the army is year by year increased. Almost every session of Congress since 1898 has seen some addition to the military force. This winter it was the artillery which benefited enormously, and many officers now transferring to that branch of the service, to take advantage of the rapid promotion, are doing so because they believe that the coast artillery will be periodically increased. It is so easy, it appears, to show how defenceless our coasts are! Meanwhile, a campaign has already been begun to bring about an increase of the infantry from thirty to at least seventy regiments. Five were added by the reorganization of 1901, although each regiment was given two extra companies in 1898. Now the plea is that we must have younger officers in the responsible positions, just as the navy boomers are insisting that our naval captains should never be over forty-eight years of age. If one argument does not serve, another will. The Japanese trouble plays its purpose here as well as with the navy. Then there is the cavalry; there is a block in promotions in this branch which is putting it at a disadvantage as compared with the others. Naturally, the cavalry now sees grave reasons of state why at least

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five regiments should be forthcoming next winter. This game can be played just as long as people are gullible.

The British Admiralty is not satisfied with its recent extraordinary development of the torpedo-boat destroyer. In 1893 its largest boat of this type was the Havoc, of 240 tons, 3,500 horsepower, and 26½ knots. Five of the boats authorized in 1905-06 are now taking the water, the Ghurka and Afridi having recently been launched. These boats are of 790 tons, 14,500 horsepower, and have a speed of 33 knots, three more than any of the destroyers owned by Germany, France, or the United States, and are 200 tons larger than the largest foreign boat. Not content with this leadership, the Admiralty has laid down at Birkenhead the Swift, a destroyer of 1,830 tons, 30,000 horsepower, with the phenomenal speed of no less than 36 knots an hour. The Swift is to be an ocean-cruising boat with a great radius of action; and, having the pace to overhaul any torpedo-boat or destroyer, cruiser or battleship, will truly become "the eyes and ears of the fleet." Both the Ghurka and the Swift have high freeboards, and are comfortable and livable vessels, instead of racing machines which utterly exhaust their crews in a few days. It is now apparent that in the eyes of the Admiralty the torpedo-cruiser and torpedo-gunboat are failures, the former because its scouting powers were sacrificed to its armament, and the latter because it was neither a scout nor a destroyer. Only three 12-pounders will be carried by the Ghurka and four 25-pounders by the Swift. A clearer example of the way the British Admiralty leads the whole world in naval construction and development it would be hard to find. Every other country is an imitator, and at that from three to five years behind.

Among the steps taken by the British authorities to suppress the revolutionary disorders in northwestern India is the arrest of an influential native barrister who has been the most conspicuous leader in the anti-British agitation. The advocates of a strong policy in India are never tired of reiterating that the present unrest proceeds not from any feeling of discontent among the "great silent mass of the population," but from the selfish ambition of "the briefless native lawyer, the needy schoolmaster," and others whom the Government has educated. Yet it is hard to say where opposition is to come from if not from the classes that have been educated, though educated to discontent. Of India's more than 290 million inhabitants, a little over 14 millions, or less than 5 per cent., are able to read and write. On the other hand, the annual enrolment at the five universities (Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Punjab, and Allahabad) shows an average of nearly 8,000 for the last five years. The University of Madras, for instance, at its last convocation in March, conferred degrees on 760 students, among them eight women. With a vast, ignorant population as raw material for sedition to work on, and with large annual reinforcements poured into the ranks of the learned and agitating class, the situation certainly presents a formidable parallel to that in Russia. When popular discontent is intensified by religious fanaticism, conditions become still more serious. The curious mixture of motives to which the Indian agitator can appeal is illustrated by a statement from a Calcutta newspaper that "one of the stock arguments brought forward by the Swadeshi people [Bengal boycotters] against the use of sugar manufactured under European methods was that it was defiled by the use of blood and bones of kine, and was therefore unfit for the use of Hindus."

In expectation of a ministerial crisis as a result of growing discontent with the general labor situation, French politicians have been making a bid for office by calling for a return to moderate principles in economic and social legislation. M. Poincaré, a former Minister of Finance, came out boldly against the Ministerial policy a few days ago; and it may have been the recognition of the strong sentiment behind him that actuated the Government's recent sharp declaration, through the mouth of M. Briand, against "the violence and tyranny of the revolutionary General Confederation of Labor." On the allied burning question of the hour, the organization of the school teachers and other employees of the state into unions with the right to strike, the Minister of Education pronounced an equally emphatic negative. In the personal evolution of M. Briand, the declaration should mark a more decisive break than ever with his original Socialist principles and associates, "independent" though he has been for many a day. But M. Briand's course is in turn symptomatic of the times. Undoubtedly, a good part of the country is afraid of the present Government's economic theories. In addition, there is the prevailing unrest among the workingmen, which has been described by the French Ambassador at London as responsible for the lack of enterprise, verging on timidity, that characterizes the industrial and commercial life of the country. "We often hear of this or that industrial establishment which, in spite of prosperous conditions, is compelled to abstrain from increasing its plants and agencies because increasing the number of workmen means increasing the chances of strikes."

The opinion that the approaching Franco-Japanese agreement will be favorable to the general situation in China is borne out by a statement of the Japanese Ambassador at Paris. M. Kurino says that the proposed understanding would include a clause guaranteeing the independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire. Readers of Mr. Putnam Weale's "Reshaping of the Far East" will recollect the importance which the author of that well-informed book attached to Franco-Belgian influence in China before the war. French and Belgian capital, in fact, was one of the two levers with which the Continental Powers were working to heave over the vast structure of the Celestial Empire, the other being Russia's direct assault on the territory of the Empire. The author may have been over-emphatic in his conception of a conspiracy of the Continental European Powers engaged in the undermining of Chinese independence, and held in check only by Great Britain and Japan, but it would seem plain that the best interests of the Empire for the present are subserved by an understanding among all the Western Powers and Japan. Germany, there is little reason to doubt, will sooner or later subscribe to some such agreement as that formed by the other governments. We may look forward, therefore, to a situation in the Far East analogous to that in the nearer Orient. The example of Turkey is, on the face of things, not a happy one to quote; alliances do not preclude international bickerings and intrigue; but, on the whole, the Chinese Government, deprived of its old method of playing off nation against nation, and secure at the same time in its authority, cannot but be moved along the way of real progress.

Recently the old dispatch from Constantinople came again. Our determined Ambassador had got audience of the Sultan, and the long-standing American claims against Turkey were on the point of being settled at last. We have had this news, at regular intervals, for some years, so that skepticism is now as recurrent as the dispatch. Missionaries in the Turkish Empire, and missionary boards at home, have about given up hope that Ambassador Leishman will accomplish anything for them. Americans in Constantinople tell, with a mixture of amusement and disgust, what they assert to be the true story of our Ambassador's long-awaited interview with the Sultan. He produced, it is said, a list of demands, at the head of which stood one for the admission of American pork products! Considering what Mohammedans think of swine's flesh, this was about as tactful as would be a demand by the Turkish Ambassador at Washington that the Grand Vizier be allowed to marry twenty American girls at once on the steps of the Capitol.

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POLITICAL EDUCATION BY BOODLE.

Secretary Root's lecture at Yale Monday, in the annual Dodge course on "The Responsibilities of Citizenship," contained many forcible observations. In particular, he was pungent on the false conception of government as a thing apart from ordinary life. He showed, on the contrary, how in self-governing countries the choice of representatives and the making of needful laws become, of necessity, the business of all good citizens. For that fastidiousness of class which would neglect political duties, or delegate them to a professional clique, Mr. Root had nothing but scorn; while he had some vigorous words on the folly of deploring frequent elections and regarding them as a great bore. A contested election, he maintained, is one of the greatest factors in the political education of a democracy. Nothing, he argued, is so important even to business, "because it is this educational process that is laying the solid foundation of sound judgment, sober self-restraint, and familiarity with political questions among the governing mass, upon which the security of all business depends."

From these impregnable positions, however, it was a perilous sally to an exposed point when he ventured upon a quasi-defence of the lavish use of money in politics. Admitting that there have been some "abuses" in the raising of campaign funds, he contended that, after all, "there is no more useful expenditure of money from the public point of view"; for it is money "applied to the political education of the voters." But in this he showed, we think, less than his usual careful discrimination, and did not keep his eye as closely upon the facts as might be expected of him. And if the newspaper reports of his lecture do not do him injustice, he failed entirely to press the argument for a reform of those abuses which he conceded to exist.

We freely grant that Presidential elections are thoroughly educational, and also that their legitimate expenses have increased with the growth and heightened complexity of our citizenship. This is allowed for in the plans of all reform legislation. Nobody wishes to cut off a party from the means of circulating appeals, stating its principles, holding mass-meetings—in a word, getting the issues as fully before the voters as possible. It would probably be out of the question to conduct a campaign in Pennsylvania to-day, as Col. McClure said the first Lincoln campaign was conducted, at a total cost of $12,000. But it is a long leap from that to a justification of Quay bleeding office-holders and blackmailing protected interests so as to get a fund of $200,000 merely to keep himself State Chairman. In such a wild excess of corruption there is undoubtedly a certain sort of political education, but scarcely the kind that Secretary Root had in mind.

What he wholly omitted to state is the fact that most of the large contributors to campaign funds have not the least desire to "educate" the voters. Their aim is much more simple and direct. They want to buy votes. And their motives are purely selfish. It is not the triumph of a political principle, or even of a party as such, that they pay out their thousands to compass, but the purchase of privilege or the guarantee of immunity. Mr. Root could not with a straight face stand up and contend that the protected manufacturers who all these years have yielded their "fat" to the Republican managers, or the insurance and other corporations which have drawn their checks to the order of the same party, had the faintest notion of "educating" anybody. It was a strictly business operation. They paid out their good money expecting full consideration for value received. And they asked no questions how their cash was to be expended. Most of them, however, must have been morally certain that it was to be laid out in bribery. That, in fact, is the species of education to which a large part of the money so copiously poured into Republican coffers during the past twenty years has been notoriously devoted.

We are not left to guesswork in this matter. Precise details have been put before us. Take the letter in which Mr. Root's former client, Mr. Harriman, explained his financial activities in aid of Roosevelt's election in 1904. After recounting how he had himself given $50,000 to that end, and raised $250,000 more among his friends, he averred that this sum of $300,000 must have "turned" in the city of New York alone "at least 50,000 votes." Now, does any sane man suppose that Mr. Harriman imagined for an instant that these votes were turned by argument or "literature"? The thing was a simple problem in arithmetic—50,000 votes, at $6 each, foot up $300,000. A large body of venal voters made necessary a large bribery fund. That was the whole of it. And the evidence which the Corrupt Practices Association collected in Clinton County and other parts of the State, and put into legal form for presentation in court, left beyond all doubt what is done with the election money in the rural districts. It goes into the hands of the honest yeomen, in sums of from $2 to $10, to pay them for their votes.

We could wish that Secretary Root had fixed his acute gaze upon these evils, and lent his influence to the cause of purer elections. The movement is strongly under way. Progressive men like Gov. Hughes have given it their aid. Bills are pending in State after State, and laws are passed, to prevent that debauchery of the electorate upon which Mr. Root touched all too lightly. No doubt, there is political education to be gained through bribery; but it consists in opening the eyes and rousing the consciences of honest men, as in England, so that they see the imminent peril to the very bases of government. In one word, the true educating power of the huge campaign funds of the Republican party lies in its teaching citizens the need of taking effective measures to prevent the collecting of such sums of money at all. If there is any instruction in boodle, it is to beware of it and abolish it altogether.

UNION PACIFIC'S BORROWINGS.

The announcement last week of the new capital which the Union and Southern Pacific railways propose to raise, would probably have attracted less attention, but for what is now generally known as the "Union Pacific episode" of the past nine months. The salient facts brought to public attention in that interval have a bearing on the present move. On August 17, 1906, Union Pacific's annual dividend rate was suddenly and unexpectedly raised from 6 to 10 per cent.; simultaneously, a very wild speculation for the rise broke out in all active shares on the Stock Exchange. The outcome of the ill-fated "autumn boom in stocks" is too fresh in mind to need to be recalled; the point of interest lies in the circumstances under which it was conducted.

A natural presumption was, that the rash speculation merely resulted from the unexpected "Harriman dividends," and from perverse misjudgment of the real situation by the very rich capitalists in the Union Pacific coterie. In November, however, something happened which made the financial community prick up its ears. Union Pacific published its annual report; the balance-sheets of June 30, 1906, the end of the fiscal year, made the extraordinary showing of $21,258,883 cash on hand, or in bank, and $34,710,000 outstanding in demand loans—a total of instantly available cash amounting in all to nearly $55,000,000. Wall Street at once asked what had been done with this great sum, in the five months which had elapsed since the thirtieth of June, and which had been marked by so extravagant a Stock Exchange speculation. Answers to this interesting query were mere conjectures until, in January, the Interstate Commerce Commission publicly produced, from the books of the Union Pacific, evidence that the company, in this second half of 1906, had actually expended $131,000,000 in purchase of stocks of other railways, mostly bought in the open market.

We do not recall these well-known incidents to repeat the severe criticisms made at the time by competent and unbiassed judges, but to show wherein the present announcements are connected

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with these events of 1906. It had been for some weeks reported that the Union Pacific was about to appear in the money market as a borrower; its share of the thousand-million-a-year expenditure, lately declared by Mr. Hill to be necessary for proper improvements on the country's railways, would presumably be considerable. But the money and investment markets were extremely unfavorable; hence it was rather generally inferred that the company would endeavor to raise only such sums as were imperatively required for its physical improvements. This will explain why the news of an immediate issue of $36,000,000 Southern Pacific stock and of $75,000,000 Union Pacific bonds took Wall Street by surprise.

Surprise was changed to a stronger feeling when it was learned that, of the money to be thus borrowed on bond and mortgage by the Union Pacific, no less than $60,000,000 is to be used, not for improvement and betterment on the lines of the company, but for paying off floating debt, contracted last autumn in buying stocks of other railways, or for purchase of more of such stocks. That is to say, notwithstanding the Union Pacific's quite unparalleled showing of ready cash on hand last June, it has thrown the whole of it into stock purchases—often of roads, like the New York Central, not even connecting with Union Pacific—has placed in similar investments everything else available in ready money, has privately put out its notes, to the tens of millions, in order to buy more, and is now coming into a confessedly doubtful money market to raise the capital to pay off floating debt and equip the company, if it so desire, for more opefations of the sort.

It is not our purpose to insinuate that the Union Pacific is unable to endure the strain of prolonged financiering of this nature. Partly by peculiar good fortune in the direction taken by the "American boom," and partly by Mr. Harriman's undoubtedly skilful operating management, the company is extremely strong, and better able than many similar corporations to take risks in such directions. Nevertheless, we trust that no friend of sound financial methods will neglect to point out, as the *Nation* has done and will continue to do, that this is dangerous railway finance, and utterly demoralizing in its influence on the community at large. It is our sober judgment that, had the railroads indulging in this kind of stock operation been confronted, since 1901, with such situations as faced the Reading in 1892, and the Atchison in 1893, after similar experiments on their part, the reckoning would have been very serious. We shall, no doubt, be told that such a comparison fails, for the simple reason that this is not 1892 or 1893, and that the railway managers now conducting the stock operations are men who make no such mistakes as were made by McLeod and Reinhart. Prudent and experienced people are aware just how much weight this argument deserves. It is a line of reasoning, moreover, to which Mr. Harriman himself gives a sufficient answer. In a statement prepared to show that the Union Pacific has made a good thing, in a speculative way, because of the rise in price of stocks, such as Northern Pacific and Southern Pacific, bought by the company in 1901, he also admits that, on the stocks bought during the last half of 1906, Union Pacific's loss in market values somewhat exceeds $18,000,000. The inference, as applied to a more or less uncertain financial future, is sufficiently obvious; not less so when these ventures in stocks are conducted with money raised through mortgaging the property of the company which buys them.

THE TRUSTS AND INDUSTRIAL CONCENTRATION.

One of the most striking facts in the Federal Census of Manufactures of 1905 is the tendency shown toward concentration into relatively few large establishments. Although the five years since 1900 yielded a remarkable development in output—no less than 30 per cent.—the number of establishments remained almost constant, with an increase of only 4.2 per cent. In almost one-half of the industries separately enumerated, there was either no increase at all in the number of plants, or a positive decline. Over 300 sugar refineries, almost 300 tanneries, over 200 woollen mills, and nearly 300 shoe factories disappeared from the records altogether; while the number of slaughtering plants, tobacco factories, paper and carpet mills, and the like, remained practically unchanged. And yet the annual product in 1905 exceeded that of 1900 by $3,391,000,000. What does this mean? Is the small manufacturer doomed to follow the ichthyosaurus and pterodactyl? May he, at best, hope to hang on to the fringe of things, like the duck-billed platypus in Australasia?

For purposes of closer analysis, comparisons may be instituted between manufactures, grouped in three classes. The first comprises those industries dominated either by the old-timers among the Trusts, such as petroleum and sugar refining, liquor distilling, and tobacco; or those dealing in great staple products, like beef, salt, with iron and steel. One need not name the Trusts; in at least seven industries distinguishable in the Census returns they monopolize from 75 to 90 per cent. of the business. The second group includes those industries controlled by a monopoly of from 40 to 75 per cent. These secondary, or imperfect, monopolies include such industries as the manufacture of woollen and worsted goods, leather, wood-pulp, paper, fertilizers, silverware, and rubber goods. Ten fairly distinguishable ones may be taken as typical. A third group comprises the lines of manufacture still conducted under old-fashioned conditions of free competition. Five such may be selected from the Census returns: cotton goods, boots and shoes, silks, knit goods, and carpets. If the Trusts, as monopolies, are indeed responsible for the industrial concentration, so notable since 1900, differences of degree ought to appear on comparison of the returns from these three distinct groups. If, on the other hand, we are confronted by a well-nigh universal tendency toward large-scale production, these groups should manifest the drift to concentration in about relatively equal proportions.

The facts are contained in the following table:

NUMBER OF ESTABLISHMENTS.

	1900.	1905.	Change Per ct.
Practical monopoly (7)...	3,450	2,990	—13
Imperfect monopoly (10).	5,299	4,754	—10
Independent (5)	4,242	4,356	+ 3

VALUE OF PRODUCT.

(Million dollars.)

	1900.	1905.	Change Per ct.
Practical monopoly (7)...	2,072.9	2,416.9	+16
Imperfect monopoly (10)..	616.7	822.6	+33
Independent (5)	859.4	1,114.3	+30

All due allowance being made for the imperfect character of the data, these statistics are in line with probability, so far as the influence of monopoly is concerned. Concentration varies more or less directly with the degree of monopolization. Even after long antecedent experience, the great staple combinations during these five years have either retarded the growth of independent plants, as in the slaughtering, iron and steel, and petroleum industries; or, as in liquor distilling and sugar and salt refining, have consolidated separate establishments; so that the decline in the number is very striking. Among the imperfect monopolies, the decline in establishments is appreciably less. No striking reductions appear, except, perhaps, in the case of tanneries, woollen mills, and rubber plants. There were about 20 per cent. fewer leather establishments, and about one-sixth fewer woollen and worsted mills. The number of rubber and rubber goods factories was smaller by 23 in 1905, although the product increased over 40 per cent. The number of wood-pulp paper mills remains practically unchanged, despite an output 50 per cent. greater at the end of the five years. And this is roughly typical of the remaining imperfect monopolies in this class.

As for the independent, still unmonopolized industries, they alone as a whole bear witness to a growth in the number of establishments, commensurate with the substantial increase in output. The development of the South has led to the

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construction of about 10 per cent. more new cotton mills; and there are nearly 30 per cent. more silk mills. But, on the other hand, concentration in boot and shoe manufacture reduced the number of establishments 18 per cent., despite an increased output of about one-fourth.

The tendency toward industrial concentration is thus pronounced all along the line. The five years under consideration bear witness to it in the most positive manner. But, in addition, the influences making for monopoly have since 1900 greatly increased in intensity. The outburst of Trust promotion in 1899-1901 was one of the most notable events in our entire economic history. In a night, as it were, industrial combinations sprang up on every side. Exactly half of the "Trusts" enumerated by the Census were floated within the eighteen months prior to June 30, 1900. No less than $6,000,000,000, par value, of new securities—equal to seven times the national debt, and three-fourths of the market value of all railroad stocks and bonds—were offered to the public. Unless either the current be changed, or the tariff speedily revised, we may confidently expect to see monopoly working out its destiny even more overwhelmingly in the future. If tariff revision will stem the tide, it cannot be too soon attempted.

MODERN STRIKE TACTICS.

There are certain features about the present dock-workers' strike in New York which, in common with what we learn of the methods of conducting labor wars in other countries, indicate a marked progress in what almost deserves to be called a science of strike tactics and strategy. Differences of opinion exist as to whether the 'longshoremen, who have succeeded in fairly tying up export traffic in the harbor, are "organized" or not; but it seems hard to imagine that some 20,000 men could have been brought to abandon work with such unanimity, and to abstain from work with such resolution, otherwise than by skilful preliminary agitation and subsequent firm leadership. How far the leaders of this strike or any other American strike have profited by classic European models is difficult to tell; but it is suggestive to find an incident like that of the solitary New York stevedore who was permitted to resume work, in order not to forfeit his service pension, absolutely paralleled among the striking steel-workers in the town of Terni, Italy.

The strike at Terni illustrates admirably the systematization of labor war methods. From the *Giornale d'Italia* of last month we learn that the 3,500 strikers were divided into "battalions" according to the special branch of the work in which they were engaged. Each battalion was subdivided into companies under captains whose duty it was to present at the bureau of labor a detailed daily report of events in their respective commands, of which there were some fifty. In this manner the leaders were constantly in touch with the sentiments of their followers, and "perfect accord" was easily maintained without recourse to the cumbrous method of a referendum. To feed their army and maintain its discipline the leaders adopted various means. Outside aid was obtained through the efforts of a committee "with correspondents in all other Umbrian cities." Work was found in other towns for the skilled laborers whose earnings went to support their idle companions. The aged were permitted to resume work in order to secure their long service stipends. There was no false sense of pride among the organizers of the strike. Ultimate victory was what they aimed at, and if it was necessary to beat a temporary retreat, why, that was a part of war. "It is not impossible," said one of the leaders, "that a partial resumption of work may be decided upon." If the enemy could not be overthrown, he might at least be lamed.

A novel feature of labor warfare which has made its appearance in France and Italy during the last few months can be best described as one that applies to social conflict the rules of the Red Cross with regard to non-combatants. It consists in sending away the children of destitute strikers to be cared for by "proletarian" families in other towns. In the *Giornale d'Italia* we read that in a prolonged strike at Argentano in northern Italy, "fifteen children have passed through Ravenna this morning on their way from Argentano to Civitella. To-morrow fifty others will arrive and will be received by the socialist families of Ravenna. Three hundred had been asked for." At Fougères in northwestern France a bitterly fought contest led to a similar exodus of children towards one of the northern towns. Paris, eager for sensation, made a holiday of it when *les petits Fougérois* passed through the capital; the children were received by labor-union representatives and driven from railway station to railway escorted by a crowd chanting the "Internationale," the new song of proletarian revolution. This is evidence undoubtedly both of a sense of solidarity among the workers and of the shrewdness of their leaders in making use of a device which both relieves their fighting forces of heavy impedimenta and brings them a certain amount of sympathy.

But the strategy of the modern strike is not wanting in certain vicious theories, which, it is just fair to say, have so far been advanced only by extremists of the revolutionary type, such as have played a prominent rôle recently in the continuous strike agitation at Paris. Thus, there is the system of reprisals which has received the name of *sabotage*, and which consists in destroying the usefulness of a machine by the removal of an essential part, or in the adulteration, "scamping," or actual vitiation of a particular product. Bread was to be turned out underbaked or overdone, grocers' assistants were to give either short weight or excessive weight, and there were not wanting hotheads to hint at the resources which druggists' assistants had at their command for enforcing their views upon "society." The Paris *Figaro* lightheartedly quotes a number of imaginary items from the daily papers of an age when *sabotage* shall be triumphant:

Sudden death. A few days ago the chief engineer of the *Santos Dumont, No. 13741*, purchased a box of lozenges, of which he gallantly offered some to a young lady of his acquaintance and to her excellent mother. All the symptoms of strychnine poisoning immediately manifested themselves, and the physicians have abandoned hope.

A curious contrast. One of our subscribers, whose doctor's prescription called for arsenic and nux vomica, has discovered that the arsenic furnished him was only powdered sugar and the nux vomica was Malaga. It would appear that our pharmacist's clerks, in substituting poisonous ingredients for inoffensive substances, have also reversed the process and given us the most agreeable of harmless stimulants for poisons.

We have spoken before this of the new labor policy of conquering the power of State by means of organizing for combat all classes of public servants, culminating in a great strike of the army itself. School-teachers, jailers, postal-servants, Government clerks, all are to strike in their turn, or together. Concerning this danger of the universal strike, *Figaro* has the following report from the future:

At the Hospital Louis (formerly Saint-Louis). A strike of the hospital attendants, which was declared a few days ago, has led to a counter-strike on the part of the patients. All the inmates of the Hospital Louis have suddenly left their beds and resumed their ordinary occupations.

THE DEARTH OF PLAYWRIGHTS.

Talking in Washington the other day, Mr. Bryce remarked that the present condition of the drama affords one of the most puzzling phenomena of the age. How is it, he asked, that, whereas two continents are mad over the theatre, and in all large cities some of the finest sites are occupied by splendid playhouses—how is it that, in spite of every conceivable incentive to the making of good plays, there are no really capable dramatists? The British Ambassador might have found the answer suggested by his very question. The palatial temples of amusement which arise

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on every side are, in most cases, signs, not of the prosperity, but of the degradation, of the drama. They are monuments, not to the triumphs of literary or histrionic art, but of a system which has prospered temporarily by putting an end to competition, adopting an exclusively commercial policy, catering to the grosser tastes of the multitude, and, by denying opportunity, crushing the development of budding genius.

Various replies have been offered to Mr. Bryce's inquiry, but none that we have seen has dealt with the plain facts, or been either explanatory or sufficient. In one instance an effort was made to prove that the English and American stage is not so utterly destitute of dramatists as might appear at first sight; that setting the great Elizabethans aside, our best modern playwrights do not suffer so very much in comparison with the old; that the Restoration comedy is not to be desired, regretted, or imitated; that the Georgian drama was either too heavy or too artificial to be tolerated now, and, moreover, that signs of a coming higher and worthier drama, if rare, are already perceptible. Mr. Bryce is not likely to regard this plea as very successful. He is under no illusion concerning the literary quality of the contemporaneous theatre, and knows that an occasional good play, conspicuous by its loneliness, does not necessarily portend a dramatic revolution.

The actual state of affairs is again and strikingly illustrated by the latest theatrical combination. One of the principals to that bargain asserts that there is no alliance, but simply an agreement for mutual advantage and a burying of the hatchet. The meaning of this is that a considerable part of the not too formidable competition with the Theatrical Trust has been extinguished. The motive of the amalgamation was expressed very bluntly by one of the contracting parties. There were too many first-class theatres, he said, in this city, and the plan was to turn several of them into music halls. "Too many first-class theatres in New York!" Few persons ever suspected the fact. The phrase, of course, refers solely to the houses where the expenses behind the curtain are held to justify the highest scale of prices for the seats in front of it. Money is to be made more easily out of the cheap vaudeville entertainments, which appeal to the coarser humors of the crowd, than in the regular theatres, except during the run of an extraordinarily popular play. This fact accounts in large measure for the managerial demand for such plays—rural and musical comedies, with their inserted "specialties," for instance—as most nearly resemble a music hall entertainment.

Thus the old, broad distinction between the theatre and the music hall is growing narrower year by year. This fact, now that both forms of entertainment are coming gradually under the same management, may assume a new significance in the near future. It seems safe to predict that hereafter any theatre which fails to be remunerative at high prices will be added to the music hall circuits. In other words, a poor show that fails to draw will be replaced, not by something better, but by a show that, in an artistic sense, is poorer still. It is these circuits that are the curse of the whole theatrical situation. They are most cunningly adapted to their commercial purpose, but absolutely fatal to artistic progress. By their agency, worthless plays are kept alive year after year, all competition is blocked, actors are deprived of essential training, and new authors of all opportunity. Their baleful influence extends also to the so-called independent managers, who, although they rebel against the terms and conditions of the Trust, and to that extent are entitled to the sympathy of intelligent theatre-lovers, are nevertheless following the same pernicious system, seeking to establish a chain of theatres in which their plays may be performed in almost endless rotation, with very little reference to their merit.

There are exceptions to every rule, but, speaking generally, the managers of the Trust theatres take no risks that can be avoided. They shun experiments. Their chief care is to secure plays that have succeeded elsewhere. If they must use untried pieces, they take them from authors who have already won popular favor. This is why so few fresh names are seen upon the playbills, unless they be those of adapters of some well-advertised novel. Since the theatre has become a mere money-making machine, its capacity for artistic development has been paralyzed. Its condition is not quite so hopeless as it seemed to be a year or two ago, because the independent managers, more or less shut out from the available European and American play-market by the Trust, have been compelled to look about for new material. Thus, for the first time in a good many years, there is an opening for a fresh generation of American playwrights. Already, Mr. Moody has given us "The Great Divide," a notable, if somewhat crude, work, and Mr. Percy Mackaye, his "Joan of Arc," than which there has been nothing better, from an American source, since Boker's "Francesca da Rimini," Young's "Ganelon," and Aldrich's "Judith of Bethulia." May they prove the first-fruits of an abundant harvest! So far as America is concerned, the dearth of playwrights must be ascribed to a vicious managerial system, rather than to the poverty of native talent.

AUSTRALIAN FICTION.

SYDNEY, April 18.

The literature of England, like its science, has been continued at the Antipodes by a kind of apostolical succession. All the early poetry, fiction, biography, and history produced in these colonies was the work of men who had received their training and their inspiration in the motherland. The succession has been but slightly physiological. Though sons of Dickens and Anthony Trollope reside in Australia, they have not followed in the paternal footsteps; but Henry Kingsley is the father of Australian fiction. Fired by the same spirit of adventure as animated Charles, Henry came out to Australia when the gold-fever was at its height, and he was a chief figure in the constellation that made Melbourne for two or three decades the intellectual capital of the country. Other members of it were Richard Hengist Horne, author of the farthing epic, "Orion," the two Howitts, Adam Lindsey Gordon and Henry Kendall, the two chief Australian poets, and Marcus Clarke, the chief Australian novelist. Horne was the centre of a group of clever writers who met in Dwight's bookshop in Melbourne. These created literary life in Melbourne and long kept it vigorous. Out of it came Kingsley's "The Hillyars and the Burtons" and Marcus Clarke's "For the Term of his Natural Life." The former is perhaps the first novel where Australian life was found to be susceptible of æsthetic presentment.

The earliest notable Australian novel was thus an English book. So, in a manner, was the second. B. L. Fargeon was both an Australian and a New Zealander when he felt the stirrings of ambition to achieve a career in a wider field. He cannot have been the earliest Australian writer to adventure on literature in England, but he was the earliest to earn fame and a competence there. His first book, "Grif," was published so long ago as 1869. All of it that remains in memory is a description of the night-side of then mighty, but now fallen, Melbourne vivid enough to be worthy of Dickens at his second-best. The book was probably written here, but was published in London. Henceforth, Australian fiction was to be, in good part, issued as well as produced in the scenes it described.

In the following year Marcus Clarke's powerful story, "For the Term of his Natural Life," was published in the *Australian Journal;* four years later, rewritten, it had to seek an English publisher. It was long—perhaps is still—held to be the Australian classic in the department of fiction. It is the solitary survivor of a host of convict-novels, describing the system in its worst days, and is painted in lamp-black, with never a bright tint, but only flames as of Hell to light up its dark expanse. "No man ought to write so," as Emerson said of Hawthorne's sombre tales. Other writers of less note have perceived even in convict Australia redeeming features. "Assigned to his Wife," narrates the fortunes of a convict whose wife devotedly followed him to New South Wales, where the severity of the system had been mitigated by the assignment of convicts to settlers as mechanics and laborers. "The Golden Secret" is likewise brightened by glints of hope, and lightened by touches

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of pathos. Yet the greater work was needed to brand into the consciousness of Australians the remembrance of their origin and the large part that convictism has played in their history. It is also the permanent deposit of the system in literature. Resembling ancient slavery and the old Roman *ergastulum*, it was none the less unique—the most finished example of a convict social state and the convict initiation of free communities.

Bushranging was the daughter of convictism. Most of the older bushrangers were or had been convicts, and they often trained their sons to lead the same life. Like convictism, bushranging was destined to find its "sacred bard." Thomas Alexander Browne, who assumed the name of "Rolf Boldrewood," was successively squatter or grazier, police magistrate, and gold-fields commissioner. In these capacities he amassed a wealth of colonial experience. Beginning to write only in the evening of his days, he first recalled the many vicissitudes of the sheep-breeder's life in a series of papers entitled, "Ups and Downs," afterwards republished in London, as "The Squatter's Dream." It had no success. Then he struck a rich lode of virgin ore in "Robbery Under Arms." At first issued in a Sydney weekly, it attracted little attention. Rewritten, it was published in London, and it immediately established the author's position. The book was recognized as at once a genuine work of art and a true picture of Australian life in the wild early days. It is obviously no fiction, but reality, truly seen, powerfully felt, and vividly delineated. The characters are lifelike, their language sincere, their acts natural. The corruption of well-principled youths by their father, their gradual descent, and their futile efforts to resist the declension, are drawn with the poignant intensity of a master of human nature. The work will rank with another, kindred masterpiece, Karl Emil Franzos's "For the Right."

Having found his vocation, Boldrewood proceeded to coin the stored experience of forty years. He has produced almost a score of full-sized novels, faithfully representing life at the diggings and in the bush, in rural and urban surroundings, among bushrangers, and among politicians, and the wonderful octogenarian's fertility is still unexhausted. Doubtless, they are the strongest and most mature of Australian novels. But they have a further attraction. They are a mine of wealth for the recovery of old colonial life, and from them a whole gallery of almost extinct sociological species could be reconstructed.

More modern Australian fiction has deserted the bushrangers, while still clinging to the bush. Life there is distinctive, and (if the main features are those of all pastoral countries) it is unlike in its coloring and detail to any other. Some of its tragedy and a good deal of its farce, its prosaic routine, its rivalries and intrigues, its fashionable "society," with its inclusions and exclusions, its haphazard marriages, illicit relations, and the consequences of these, are well depicted in "An Outback Marriage," by A. B. Paterson. A true story—a *cause célèbre* of some few years ago—furnishes the backbone of the tale. But the story is secondary, and the title a lure. Continually, the thread is dropped for the sake of describing scenes and incidents. Leading characters are left long in abeyance. The development of a complicated plot, subtle character-drawing, psychological situations, exhibition of the internal machinery of the whole, and depth of reflection—all that constitutes the glory of the "new novel"—are conspicuous by their absence. And yet the book possesses what many "new" novels lack—an attaching interest that carries the reader on from chapter to chapter, and leaves him satisfied at the end.

At bottom, it is an essay of descriptive sociology. The object of it is to exhibit station life, and to that end characters, situations, and events are made subservient. A rare faculty of delineation rewards the reader with the vision of scenes that have never before been painted, or never so well. Poet Gordon's "running fire of stockwhips and fiery run of hooves" is expanded into a vivid sketch of the mustering of wild cattle. The methods of the dissemination of news are dramatically shown, and they explain the rapid diffusion of inteligence in primitive countries. The incidents of coaching, buck-jumping, and horse-breaking, opossum-hunting in the interior, and buffalo-hunting in the far north, sheep and cattle "lifting" on a large scale, "bush larrikinism" at balls in Sydney, no less than the beneficent part of women in bush life, are all touched on with a skilled hand. The personalities of the bush—the station-owner, with his "gins," and the station-manager, with his ladies, the bush lawyer (suggestively called "liar") though not the bush parson—are outlined. All this and much else. The American reader desirous of learning *something about station life* in the heart of Australia could nowhere find a better or brighter account of it.

Not only life on a great station, but also life on a small "selection," as a farm on selected government land is called, has (last in the order of time) formed the theme of much recent literature. Only the other day the Rev. James Green, who was chaplain to the Bushmen's Contingent in the South African war, produced "The Selector" (published in Sydney). Mr. Green knows his bushman well, and his pictures of the very urban yeomen who form the substance of bush life, as of the "sundowners," "jackeroos," and the others, who hang on to its fringe, are recognized as verisimilar. In "Aventures et mœurs australiennes," lately published in Paris, Paul Warrego (who can be no other than Mr. Denis O'Donovan, formerly Parliamentary Librarian in Queensland) gives of the same types a lifelike description that has received the imprimatur of the Australian press. Both the ex-chaplain and the ex-librarian treat the subject seriously, but it has other aspects.

The Moderator of a Presbyterian General Assembly warned a newly ordained minister, who was about to be sent to the back blocks, that he would find there a spiritual torpor such as would fill him with horror and dread. From the religious point of view a state of spiritual death is doubtless the lowest deep, but the reader of such books as "On Our Selection" (published in Sydney, with a brighter continuation, "Black on our Selection," published in Brisbane) is still more repelled by the squalor, the meanness, the misery, and almost the savagery of farm life in the interior of Australia. "Steele Rudd," or Arthur Hoey Davis, draws a picture of the pioneer small farmer in Queensland that is probably true of Australia in general. It is said to be drawn from life, and it is certainly unflattering—Australian "interiors" indeed, such as hopelessly distance the homeliest "Dutch interiors" ever painted! Profound sadness is the emotion it excites in the graver minds, but most of its many readers have found it a screaming farce. At all events, it reveals the emergence of Australian humor, which is evidently going to be of the broadest type. Steele Rudd is chronologically the first of Australian humorists.

Our survey of Australian fiction is obviously incomplete. The charming stories of Australian child-life by Ethel Turner, and Mr. Louis Becke's lurid pictures of the relations between whites and blacks in the Melanesian Islands of the Western Pacific, merit a critical appraisement. Mrs. Campbell Praed's novels, though produced in England, really belong to Australian literature, while Ada Cambridge's many works, though produced in Australia, really belong to English literature. Taken along with those already described, they would seem to show that, if Australian fiction is still in its infancy, it is a vigorous, if not quite a Herculean, infancy. J. C.

NEWS FOR THE BIBLIOPHILE.

The copy of the 1894 large-paper edition of Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," with illustrations by Howard Pyle, which had been presented by the author to Charles Marseilles of Exeter, New Hampshire, was sold in Philadelphia last week for $180. The catalogue contained this note:

This is one of three copies of an intended edition of 250, on large paper; gotten up especially for Christmas, and all of which were destroyed by fire excepting three copies.

We have before us a letter of the late Mr. Marseilles, dated March 21, 1904, in which he says, referring to this copy of the "Autocrat":

'A Boston bookdealer offered me $750 spot cash for said two volumes, which I declined. A representative of D. Appleton & Co., of New York, a week later called on me. I showed him said two volumes of Holmes's "Autocrat," and said a Boston bookdealer last week offered me $750 spot cash for them. He said: "Well he might, Mr. Marseilles! There are but three sets in existence of that edition of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.' It seems Dr. Holmes presented you with one set. The three sets are to-day $1,000 each on the market."

How this statement of the three copies could have originated it is difficult to understand. The edition was never destroyed, and Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the publishers, state, under date of May 3, that they have some copies of the edition of 250 still unsold, which are offered at the original price of $12. The $180 paid for the presentation set is not an unfair price, but the subscription agents who led Mr. Marseilles to believe the set was worth $750 or $1,000 probably had some ulterior purpose in thus deceiving him.

On May 31 and June 1, Sotheby holds an-

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other important sale, including the four folios of Shakespeare, and many of the quartos, several extremely rare pre-Shakespearean Interludes and Morality Plays, first editions, specimens of binding by the Mearnes, Eve, Derome, Reynes, and others, several good items of Americana, etc. The four folios are the property of H. S. Buckley, the first being No. XIX. of Sidney Lee's census. It is perfect, that is, no leaves are lacking, but it is inferior to the Van Antwerp copy, which recently brought £3,600. The leaf of Verses preceding the title is margined all around, though all original matter is present except a comma point. It was sold by the fourth Earl of Gosford, in 1884, to Toovey the bookseller, for £470.

The Second Folio, 1632, the ordinary imprint "for Robert Allot," was formerly Frederick Perkins's copy. The Third Folio is an exceptionally fine copy of the earliest issue, dated 1663, measuring 13¼ by 8⅞ inches, and is in the original calf binding. In this issue the portrait is printed directly on the title, the verses being on a leaf facing. Although logically the seven additional plays "never before printed in folio," do not belong in this 1663 issue, they are found in the Buckley copy. The Fourth Folio is large (14¼ by 9¼ inches), and in the original calf binding.

The collection of Early English Plays, sold as "the property of a nobleman," includes the finest collection of Shakespeare quartos offered in many years. The three rarest are the following: "The Merchant of Venice," with imprint "I. R. for Thomas Heyes," 1600; "King Lear," with imprint, "Printed for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church-Yard at the sign of the Pide Bull neere St. Austin's Gate, 1608" (this is known as the "Pide Bull" edition to distinguish it from another edition of the same date with shorter imprint; the latter is comparatively common, but no copy of the "Pide Bull" edition seems to have come upon the auction market for more than fifty years); "The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster," 1594, the first edition of the foundation play of Henry VI., Part II. (no copy has, apparently, been sold since Heber's, which brought £64 in 1834, and is now in the Bodleian).

Correspondence.

LEONARDO'S EARLY WORK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the course of an observant account of the changes which are making in the Uffizi galleries, your Italian correspondent, in your issue of April 25, has expressed an opinion upon the authorship of one of the most famously disputed pictures in the world, the Annunciation, attributed to the young Leonardo da Vinci. He thinks that it truly is—in part at least—an early Leonardo. Neither early Leonardos nor critics who believe in them are as plenty as huckleberries, so that your correspondent's view of this matter, considering the very modern and radical tone of his criticism of the recent arrangements in the Uffizi, is comforting to one who has always believed that the young Leonardo is in evidence as a painter, even in his apprentice days.

In the Annunciation of the Uffizi the very divergences of critical opinion have indicated an unusual and problematical work. No Italian picture indeed has excited more controversy or exhibited so curiously the possibilities of expert aberration. The cautious Cavalcaselle's absurd attribution to Ridolfo Ghirlandajo was seriously argued for on technical evidence by Morelli. Bernhard Berenson, while skeptical as to Leonardo's authorship, recognized fully the significance of the picture as a work of art, especially in its marvellous landscape, and by a confident attribution to Verrocchio reduced the problem to its lowest terms. While a few critics may still believe with Mündler that the microscopical Di Credi was capable of such subtile and eager complication in his early years as the execution of this work exhibits, the orthodox view is now that of Berenson, as developed in such an argument as Miss Maud Crutwell offers us in her able book on Verrocchio. It is indeed strongly urged that Leonardo as we know him in his universally acknowledged work resolves and remakes so completely the formulas of the early Renaissance that we must put the Annunciation into another species and type—that the gulf between it and such a modern interpretation of the theme as the little Annunciation in the Louvre can only be bridged by the assumption of a distinct artistic personality. The Louvre Annunciation is obviously a derivative of the Uffizi prototype; but in the former work the high Renaissance has found its stylistic emancipation, whereas the latter is still a mediæval survival.

This entirely reasonable argument, so far as it goes, fails to consider two facts upon which the believers in a very early phase of Leonardo's art rest their case. In view of the importance of the Uffizi picture, whether Leonardo's or Verrocchio's, and the scientific interest it must excite as a test of the principles and methods of art *expertise*, I may be allowed a little space in the *Nation* to outline the argument which will, I think, tend to confirm your Italian correspondent in his rather bold expression of opinion. One fact which the historian of art must always keep in mind in a problem of this sort is that in direct proportion to the power of original initiative in an artist, purely formal and stylistic criteria of authorship must yield to intrinsic and spiritual characters. It is precisely the most gifted men who in their eagerness to learn all that they can learn of the language of their art may most closely imitate the style of their masters. It is notorious that the great problems of connoisseurship in the Italian field turn on the relation of master to scholar. Exactly where Giotto begins in the works in the Upper Church at Assisi—where in universally accepted examples the types of Christ, and of angels, and the actual executive formulas are still of the mediæval Roman style—is the crucial problem in Giotto connoisseurship. Exactly what is Masaccio and *not* mere Masolino divides the best expert opinion. Exactly how and where the early Botticelli emerges in Lippi's atelier must perplex Mr. Berenson and Mr. Horne, I fancy. Exactly where Titian emancipates himself from Giorgione's influence is a matter of dispute—as the Pitti Concert, where the technical evidence is destroyed by repaints, and certain portraits, prove. Wide apart as are Duccio the dainty, and Cimabue, the passionate, majestic realist of the Assisi Crucifixion and the portrait of St. Francis beside the Madonna of the Lower Church, they seem almost to merge in the Ruccellai altar-piece.

And so with Leonardo and Verrocchio. As Mr. Horne in his illuminating notes to Vasari's "Leonardo" well says, the traditional account of Leonardo's participation in the execution of the Baptism of Christ can scarcely be a mere fable, owing to Vasari's unusual reliability in this "Life," and yet in its general formal style how far from a Leonardesque ideal is the still literal metal worker's rendition of a traditional scheme, copied, indeed, in its compositional motives from such a timid work as that now generally agreed to be Baldovinetti's! Yet competent critics insist that behind the austere and even labored if tonic and masterly forms of Verrocchio's Baptism is a landscape artist of the first rank finding a new expression of large elemental effects, grasped and interpreted in Giotto's and Masaccio's spirit, rather than in any literal naturalism, such as we see in the ordinary backgrounds of the early Florentines—in Baldovinetti, in Antonio Pollaiuolo, in Ghirlandajo. It is clear that the acceptance or rejection of the theory that this noble background and much of the execution of the Baptism is by Leonardo himself at about the time of his wonderful landscape drawing in the Uffizi of 1473—a theory which I must accept as highly probable—does not depend upon Morellian norms or upon any external stylistic evidence whatsoever, but upon a larger qualitative judgment and comparison.

In the case of the Annunciation the composition, an awkward and disjointed one, without complication or *dénouement* in its figurative scheme, in its foreground accessories and even in the conventional middle distance, may well be of Verrocchio's inspiration, or even from his actual design; and yet the true virtue of the picture is that it is perhaps the first attempt in modern art to interpret concretely and with poetic insight the beauty of a meteorological immanence, as it were—the effects of the summer afternoon light and the heat-mists of the Arno Valley at play in the foliage. We see also the emancipation of the artist's vision and the freeing of the artist's hand and the variation of his palette as he passes behind his formal parapet and trees to the open country and the distant hills, ever broadening his intervals and simplifying his thematic material in the fashion of the great landscape poets. This virtue, first, I think, fully recognized in Mr. Berenson's acute criticism, is the essential beauty of the work to those who can see at the time no other master than Leonardo capable of the same power and the same unifying, sympathetic, and *ideal* grasp of an objective theme. Believers in Leonardo's authorship see in the master's later work the same creative spirit of landscape painting as a fundamental element in his style, and are not perplexed with the incidental awkwardness, the somewhat overstudied, and even niggling character of the more conventional features in the picture. These have their counterpart in the Vierge aux

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Rochers—in norms of over-elaborated draperies and excessively painstaking draughtsmanship—for that matter. I may say that the hand of the Virgin in the Annunciation is a fellow to that hand which supports the infant St. John in the Louvre experiment in chiaroscuro. We admit, nay we claim, a slow stylistic development in Leonardo.

The material evidence for the correctness or incorrectness of your correspondent's opinion—and mine—is, of course, technical. A jury of competent artists could by a consensus one way or another decide the question quite finally; but so far as I know no adequate technical analysis of the possible early paintings of Leonardo has yet been published. Artists would greatly help art historians by such observations. I may say in conclusion, that no art historian has yet adequately considered the technical evidence, and that I do not agree with your correspondent as to the frightfully damaged condition of the foreground of this picture. There are abundant passages in the foreground which in my opinion are as free from repainting as is the landscape. Moreover, I think the picture is certainly by a single hand, and by a young man.

The secret of Leonardo's landscape art—the greatest of Italy, perhaps, because more real and objective than Giorgione's—is revealed at once to the visitor to Vinci, where the vision of the Carrara Mountains and the Pistoian Apennine over lowlands, burned into the inspired boy's mind a sense for those large atmospheres and spatial values which have no counterpart in the work of any Florentine masters of the time, although prefigured in Giotto and Masaccio. At Milan the same conditions obtain upon a larger scale in the marvellous panorama of the Monte Rosa group, and with the background to the Monna Lisa everything essentially modern in landscape synthesis is completely developed and expressed by the master. The objective character of this type of work is not generally recognized perhaps, but that is simply because people do not generally know Italy in the summer. It is recognized by critics of the calibre of Mr. Fry, and is indeed obvious to the lover of Italian nature, although strangely unobserved by Ruskin, who, by the way, believed in the Annunciation: WILLIAM RANKIN.

Richmond, Mass., April 26.

STUDENTS IN WESTERN UNIVERSITIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The newspaper press has given wide circulation to certain portions of a recent address by President Hadley of Yale, in which he is alleged to have said, among other things, that the student constituency of the Western universities was extremely provincial and local as compared with that of the colleges in the East. It is entirely possible that President Hadley has been incorrectly quoted, but a few facts concerning the issue mentioned may be of interest. President Hadley is said to have referred especially to the State universities, and it occurred to the writer to compare the conditions at Yale with those at the University of Michigan, which is the prototype of the Western State universities.

By the latest catalogues to which I can obtain access (Yale, 1905-6; Michigan, 1906-7), Michigan had in attendance 4,836 students, Yale 3,808. Both institutions had representatives from forty-eight States and Territories of the United States proper. Of our outlying dependencies Michigan had representatives from three, Yale from two. Of foreign countries and provinces Michigan had on its list seventeen, Yale sixteen. Judged by these figures, the Eastern institution is at no advantage either as regards its national or its international character.

Of the total student body at Michigan somewhat over half come from the State of Michigan. At Yale about one-third are from Connecticut. However, if one were to take for comparison a territory as large as the State of Michigan, it would be found that the Michigan attendance is quite as scattered as that at Yale. Nor is the disparity at all so marked on sectional lines as one might imagine. Yale has 188 students from Pennsylvania; Michigan 181. From New York Yale has 603, Michigan 299. From Ohio Yale has 135, Michigan 408. From Illinois Yale reports 147, Michigan 315. There are at Ann Arbor 76 students representing in their number every one of the New England States.

It may be maintained that Michigan is exceptional among Western institutions. But an exactly similar condition of things exists at the University of Chicago, although this is not a State institution. The truth is, of course, that certain colleges in the East, like certain others in the West, have a constituency almost wholly local in make-up. But there are several Western universities whose constituency is quite as cosmopolitan as that of their Eastern rivals. JAMES R. ANGELL.

Chicago, May 2.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is a plan that would conduce to international peace much more certainly than the limitation of armaments, but it was not alluded to at the Peace Conference in New York. None of the great Powers believes that it has yet completed its necessary defensive armament, and it is futile to expect this subject to be discussed at The Hague.

But probably all the Powers would welcome a discussion of their respective political spheres of influence, if it were conducted in a proper spirit. Every Government has ambitions to gratify, but still more imperative are its needs to provide for the expansion of its commercial enterprises and the material advancement of its people.

It is evident that a rapidly growing State must have room to extend, and therefore its political horizon must be gradually pushed farther off. If, therefore, agreements can be made between the Powers that meet at the Hague, defining their respective spheres of influence for the next fifty years, a great step will have been taken in the direction of universal peace.

The United States has asserted the Monroe doctrine, which is a definition of its sphere of influence over North and South America. England and France have delimited their spheres, one covering Egypt and the other Morocco. Chile and Argentina have made peace by settling their frontiers. And probably Germany and France might avoid the constant tension of war preparations if France would agree to limit her Mediterranean sphere to the east line of Tunisia, while Germany would have a free hand in Asia Minor, so far as France and England are concerned. These political spheres would not involve a commercial monopoly. Other nations besides Germany could build railroads and obtain concessions in Germany's sphere, and Germany and others could operate industrially in Morocco. It is not in reason that a powerful and populous empire like Germany can consent to be circumscribed in its commercial expansion. If the nations are willing to be fair and reasonable at the coming conference, and take up this matter of spheres of influence in a mutually considerate spirit, the peace of the world for a long time to come may be there assured.

W. P. W.

Fort Wagner, Ind., May 4.

FATHER DE CARA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Commenting upon Mr. Super's letter in the *Nation* (April 18), allow me to state that there are no less than sixteen references to Father De Cara and his Hittite-Pelasgian theories in the index of the second volume of my "Chronique d'Orient." Mr. Super may also find a biography of De Cara by myself in the *Revue Archéologique*, 1906, i., pp. 342-3. Italian savants have been only too much influenced by him. De Cara's etymologies are mostly beneath criticism, and impair the interest of his otherwise learned and readable books. A few years before his death, one of the directors of the German Institute in Rome wrote that scientific criticism would have to be struck dead (*totgeschlagen*) before the etymologies of De Cara could be admitted or even discussed. The German scholars seem to have taken that severe phrase quite literally, and it is true that they almost all ignore the big books of laborious De Cara.

SALOMON REINACH.

Paris, May 2.

Notes.

Harpers this week bring out a life of Charles A. Dana, the journalist, by Gen. James H. Wilson.

Mitchell Kennerley has almost ready "Lord Beaconsfield and Other Tories," by T. E. Kebbel. The other Tories are Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company is bringing out three books on hygiene: "The Nutrition of Man," by Prof. R. H. Chittenden; "The Art of Living in Good Health," by Dr. D. S. Sager, and "Worry," by Dr. C. W. Saleeby.

Scribner's this month will publish "The Militants: Some Stories of Parsons, Soldiers, and Other Fighters in the World," by Mary R. S. Andrews; "The Voyages of Samuel Champlain," by W. L. Grant; "Social and Religious Ideals," by A. J. Haynes; and "The British City," by Frederic C. Howe. The same house will soon have ready a translation of the "Memoirs

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of the Comtesse de Boigne," reminiscences of the Revolution, Empire, and Restoration that have gone through five editions in France in as many weeks.

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce the following books: "The Churchman's Treasury of Song," by J. H. Burn; "The Pyrenees," by S. Baring-Gould; "The Outlook in Ireland," by Lord Dunraven; "Submarine Warfare," by H. C. Fyfe; "The Life of St. George," by E. O. Gordon; "The Brasses of England," by H. W. Macklin; "The Future of Japan," by W. P. Watson; "Essays," by A. C. Benson; "Blake," by Arthur Symons; "The Parish Clerk," by P. H. Ditchfield; "Russia and Reform," by Bernard Pares, and "The Evolution of Life," by H. C. Bastian.

We have in hand a letter from T. Sano, chief librarian of the Yamaguchi Public Library, Japan, telling of the encouragement by the Government to the extension of public libraries in the various prefectures, and the quick response to this action. In general, the idea of library promotion there seems to be modelled closely after that followed by the State library commissions in this country, including both a personal propaganda and material aid. The travelling library has been specially developed, both as an aid in encouraging the founding of local libraries, and as a supplement to the resources of small public and school libraries. In the prefect of Yamaguchi, twenty-nine local libraries have been established in about two years; and a travelling library system created which now numbers 1,648 volumes. The travelling libraries are sent out in both fixed and flexible groups, according to the needs of the community. Last year they reached a total circulation of 10,227 volumes. With a generosity that goes beyond that of any of our States, save California, the travelling libraries are sent entirely free of cost to the recipients.

In the *Geographical Journal*, for May Capt. Roald Amundsen gives an interesting account of his daring voyage for purposes of magnetic research in the region of the north magnetic pole, leading eventually to the first accomplishment by any vessel of the famous North-West Passage. Considering that the Gjöa was probably the smallest vessel ever navigated in the Arctic, and that the crew consisted of only seven men, it was a remarkable exploit. The story of the voyage is simply told, and contains many interesting facts in regard to the Eskimos, including an account of the manner in which they built their snow huts. He describes minutely his method of taking magnetic observations, his fourteen magnets being "kept going day and night, without interruption for nineteen months." It will take years to get his observations into form, and they will show where the magnetic pole is for one epoch, but there is still some doubt as to whether it is a fixed point or not. The results of a personal investigation of the Cutch and the Ran, a part of the delta of the Indus, are given by Mr. R. Sivewright. He shows how great has been the encroachment of the land upon the sea since the time of Alexander the Great, "very great changes having taken place during the past eighty years," but he is not certain as to all its causes, whether in addition to the silt brought down by the river and the action of the monsoon, there might not have been some upheaval of the sea bottom. The Rev. J. Hedley describes briefly an exploration of the higher reaches of the Lao Ho River in Inner Mongolia, a region never before surveyed by any foreigner, and extracts are given of a letter from Dr. Sven Hedin telling of his journey through Tibet to Shigatse, where he was received by the Tashi Lama "with really kingly hospitality."

In *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number three, Ernst Herzfeld narrates the principal incidents of a journey southward from Bagdad through western Persia. The geographical features of the country traversed are described in detail, and some interesting facts are given in regard to the people of a region rarely visited by travellers. This is largely owing to the constant tribal feuds, which make travelling difficult and dangerous. Large tracts of fertile country, formerly thickly populated, are now deserts with a few nomad inhabitants. Near the Turkish frontier he met daily large bands of pilgrims who were carrying the bodies of their dead to the Shiite Meccas, Kerbela and Nejef. The editor, Dr. Supan, contributes a chart with explanatory notes showing a remarkable submarine chasm, 23,100 feet deep [7,000m.] in the Indian Ocean south of Java and known as the Sundagräben.

The Turfan expedition in charge of Albert v. le Coq has brought back a number of important manuscripts. Some of them contain portions of the New Testament writen in the now extinct Sogdhian language, spoken by the inhabitants of the ancient Soghdiana, between the Oxus and the Jaxartes. A comparison with the New Testament is confidently expected to furnish the key for the understanding of this lost dialect. It will doubtlessly also explain the mysterious Soghdian documents discovered some time ago in Manichæan writing. Prof. F. W. K. Müller has discussed this new find in the reports of the Berlin Academy of Science, 1907, p. 260-270.

The Eighth International Agricultural Congress has been called to meet in Vienna during the last week of the current month of May. Over one thousand announcements have been received and practically all the civilized peoples of the globe will be represented. The Austrian railroads will grant special reductions.

When Prof. Niels R. Finsen died in Copenhagen a commission was at once selected to solicit funds from all nations to erect a memorial to that brilliant scholar. It is now reported that the collection amounts to the handsome sum of 50,000 kronen for the monument, and that a surplus is at hand large enough to establish a Finsen scholarship. Out of some thirty plans submitted of a monument, the award was given to Rudolf Tegner, a young Danish sculptor. The latter has been instructed to prepare his work at once.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung* of Munich (Beilage No. 14-15) publishes the details of the new copyright law, which the Russian Department of Justice has prepared for submission to the Duma, and the adoption of which is confidently expected. It is an elaborate scheme, and covers all works of literature, art, music, photography, and the like. One of the chief stumbling blocks in the past to the establishment of a full international copyright agreement has been the unsatisfactory laws in this respect in Russia. This evil is fully remedied by the new law, which particularly stipulates that foreign works of literature and art can be reproduced in Russia only in harmony with the agreement which the State may make with other nations on this subject. To its own subjects Russia proposes to be liberal in granting the copyright, in ordinary cases the exclusive control over a publication being given to the heirs of an author for fifty years after his death. The right to the translation of a work is the author's for a period of ten years.

The Bostonian Society has published in its annual proceedings an address of more than merely local interest delivered at the twenty-fifth anniversary of its foundation by Edwin D. Mead. His subject was the poets, Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, and Holmes, having special reference to what they wrote of Boston and Boston worthies. The numerous quotations from their poems and the personal incidents narrated show how "they wrote themselves into the history of Boston in the momentous period in which their lives were cast, and their burning verses are a cardinal part of the authentic record." A good suggestion is that some worthy monument should be reared to this great group of poets who, with the contemporary prose writers, Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, and Parkman, make the time in which they lived our "golden age."

It would be obviously unfair to apply very exacting standards of historical criticism to such a work as Mrs. Roger A. Pryor's "The Birth of the Nation" (Macmillan); for while the memorable story of the establishment of the Virginia colony still bristles with difficulties, the aim of the book, notwithstanding its evidences of reading in the better-known sources, is frankly popular, not critical. It is distinctly a book for the moment, quite evidently written for the benefit of visitors to the Jamestown Exposition, and not free from the repetitions and trivialities which suggest haste. Those persons, however—and they are doubtless many—who feel moved to seek a pleasantly written sketch of the Jamestown episode, wtih ample emphasis on its romantic and painful incidents, and with the veritable figures of John Smith, Powhatan and Pocahontas greeting the reader at almost every turn of the page, may safely be directed to Mrs. Pryor's agreeable book.

We confess to a feeling of depression and insufficiency in the presence of such books as "American Problems," by President James H. Baker of the University of Colorado (Longmans, Green & Co.). Of the papers and addresses collected under this title, a number, we are told, have done duty on commencement and other occasions, and designedly emphasize the ethical aspects of citizenship and politics; while the variety of subjects ranges from Wendell Phillips and Phillips Brooks to electives in secondary schools and an American university at Washington. President Baker's observations are in general so true and obviously well intentioned, that it is hard to adjudge them unworthy of a permanent form; but the most friendly judgment cannot claim for the papers any originality, or point to any

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passage particularly worth a second reading. The only distinction of the book is its style, which has a crispness and vigor that many readers, especially such as are neither thoughtful nor well read, will doubtless find attractive.

As a tribute to the memory of the late Prof. Bernhard Stade, professor of Old Testament exegesis at the University of Giessen, who died on the 6th of December, 1906, the publisher, Alfred Töpelmann, has issued a second edition, at the almost nominal price of two marks, of his selected discourses and essays, under the title of "Ausgewälte akademische Reden und Abhandlungen" (Giessen). Dr. Stade was, next to Wellhausen, the most noted of Old Testament critics of his day. He enjoyed the rare distinction of having produced a standard Hebrew grammar, a standard Hebrew dictionary, and the most significant and comprehensive work on the history of Israel on the basis of the results of the modern critical study of the Old Testament. His death at the early age of fifty-eight years was a serious loss to German scholarship. But his interests were not limited to the claims of the specialists. He recognized the important bearings of Old Testament studies on the various problems of the day, and four of the essays included in this volume touch very closely on these problems. They are as follows: (1) The State of the Protestant Church in Germany; (2) The Messianic Hope in the Psalms; (3) The Scope of Biblical Theology of the Old Testament; and (4) The Origin of the People of Israel. These addresses, delivered either on public occasions at the University of Giessen or before church assemblies, form a notable contribution to the subjects of which they treat. The remainder of the volume is taken up with investigations of a more special character, such as the narrative of Solomon's building operations, the mark of Cain, the tower of Babel, and notes on important passages in Kings, Numbers, and so forth. Of these special investigations, the one on Cain's mark is perhaps the most significant, for it proves the current explanation of the mark placed on Cain's forehead, that it was to brand him as a criminal, to be unwarranted. The mark was a tattoo having a religious significance, and indicated that the one so branded belonged to the community of Yahweh worshippers.

The criticism of D. C. Calthrop's "English Costume" (The Macmillan Co.) must depend on the point of view of the critic. As a book of reference it loses half its value from the absence of an index; as a serious history of clothes it suffers from the author's attempt to be sprightly; as a book of entertainment it is too learned. From any special point of view, that is, the book cannot escape partial condemnation; yet, taken as a whole, as a work at once moderately entertaining to read and moderately useful for study, it may serve a purpose. Mr. Calthrop follows the changes of costume from the Conquest down through its vagaries to Beau Brummel, "who raised the level of dress from the slovenly, dirty linen, the greasy hair, the filthy neck-cloth, the crumpled collar, to a position, ever since held by Englishmen, of quiet, unobtrusive cleanliness, decent linen, an abhorrence of striking forms of dress." It is worth while to read the book, if only to get this truer notion of fat George IV.'s friend. Mr. Calthrop is artist as well as writer, and each period is illustrated by full-page colored plates, besides a number of smaller cuts. The pictures are in themselves brilliant pieces of color, well printed. It is a strange light on history one gets by turning these pages. Of all times Queen Elizabeth's was the most artificial and the most grotesque; and the view of this motley and barbaric garb is a striking comment on much of the literature of the period. We have intimated that for most tastes a plainer style with less effort to be vivacious would be more agreeable. At times, it must be admitted, Mr. Calthrop succeeds in presenting a brisk scene to the eye, as in the story of Queen Elizabeth under the hands of her maids, with its conclusion:

> So in this manner the Queen struts down to posterity, a wonderful woman in ridiculous clothes, and in her train we may dimly see Mr. Higgins, the tailor, who named a street without knowing it, a street known in every part of the civilized world; but, nowadays, one hardly thinks of connecting Piccadilly with a lace ruff.

We noticed on April 4 a reprint of some of the theological essays of the late Benjamin Jowett, entitled "The Interpretation of Scripture and Other Essays." Another volume of the writings of the late master of Balliol, entitled "Scripture and Truth," and including also the famous essay, "The Interpretation of Scripture," has been edited by Lewis Campbell. This has been issued by Henry Frowde, well printed, and in convenient form. These publications, it may be hoped, indicate wide current interest in Jowett.

The last edition of "The Seven Sages of Rome" was published more than sixty years ago. The text is an important one in the history of stories and a new edition was obviously needed. This want has just been supplied in a thoroughly satisfactory manner by Prof. Killis Campbell of the University of Texas, in the Albion Series of Anglo-Saxon and Middle English Poetry (Ginn & Co.). Professor Campbell's well-known dissertation on the subject had marked him out as the person who was best qualified to undertake this task, and the result does not disappoint expectations. The text of this edition is based on the Cotton manuscript (early fifteenth century), the variants of a closely related manuscript in the Rawlinson collection, at Oxford, being given in the footnotes. The remaining seven manuscripts, moreover, are carefully described and the particulars in which they differ from the Cotton-Rawlinson redaction noted. Of especial interest are the sections of the Introduction, which deal with the various versions of these stories, both in the Orient, where the collection originated, and in Europe. Thus of the "Widow of Ephesus" (best known through Petronius), there are seventy-six versions recorded in the list of Originals and Analogues. The parent Middle English version of "The Seven Sages" seems to have been Kentish and was probably composed towards the end of the thirteenth century. The editor, however, is perhaps wise in rejecting the opinion of the late Professor Koelbing, who identified its author with that of the Kentish "Arthour and Merlin" and other poems. Notes, glossary, and an index of names complete the volume.

Dr. Edward Caird has been compelled by ill-health to resign the mastership of Balliol College. Dr. Caird was elected Professor Jowett's successor in 1893, having been Fellow of Merton College and Professor of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow. The new election will take place June 5.

PROFESSOR RALEIGH'S SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare. By Walter Raleigh (English Men of Letters.) New York: The Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.

It is interesting to speculate on the reasons which prevented Mr. John Morley, as editor of the original English Men of Letters, from including a volume on Shakespeare. Whatever they were, the absence from the list of the greatest name of all has been in a way impressive, constituting a tribute inferior only to the writing of a monograph by a critic of appropriate calibre. Thus the appearance of this volume by the Professor of English Literature at Oxford implies a challenge more than usually daring. The dignity of the subject, the long delay in the assignment of the task, the official position and previous achievements of the author, combine to justify the forming of great expectations.

It may be said at once that these expectations are, on the whole, not unworthily fulfilled. The style is often charming, sometimes eloquent, nearly always brilliant. The pages are sprinkled with apothegms, frequently provocative but always suggestive; and the author's gift of quotation is something to be envied. His familiarity with the text is all but absolute; his appreciation acute and discriminating. The great matters of dispute he handles with sanity and moderation, if not always with decision. On the other hand, the book is not well constructed; and, throughout, the author's strength lies rather in stimulating comment than in logical inference. Thus, as an example of ill-construction, it may be noted that the discussion of all the plays, save the three dramatic romances, is huddled into a single chapter on "Story and Character," within which it is difficult to find order or method. Instances of faulty logic are scattered throughout the volume. In the biographical chapter, in which as elsewhere no attempt is made to add to our knowledge of facts, there is more than enough of unbased and futile conjecture. It profits us nothing that Professor Raleigh thinks John Shakespeare "may well have been excitable, sententious, and dogmatic" in speech, since evidence on the point is absolutely lacking. Why trouble to "guess him to have been of mercurial temperament"? Does Professor Raleigh really believe that William Shakespeare's "unerringly sure touch with the character of his high-born ladies" is in any sense due to an alleged descent from "Guy of Warwick and the good King Alfred"?—"Oh, gentlemen, the time of life is short!"

Subtler and more serious flaws in reasoning occur in the critical chapters. In arguing about the autobiographical elements in the Sonnets, he says: "If the events had no existence, and the sonnets are semi-dramatic poems, it is surely es-

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sential to good drama that the situation should be made clear." But "semi-dramatic" and "good drama" are not equivalent terms; and, unless they are, his argument is void. Again, in the same connection, we find: "That they were made from the material of experience is certain; Shakespeare was not a puny imitative rhymster." No one says he was puny or a rhymster; we all know he was imitative, and in Mr. Lee's argument which Raleigh is here opposing it is the fact and not the quality of imitation that is in question. These instances exemplify the author's besetting logical sin: he throws in an irrelevant adjective, then, in demolishing that, assumes that he has destroyed the argument based upon those essential elements in the sentence which remain untouched.

In the discussion of the Sonnets as a whole, while he says several wise and penetrating things, he does not seem to us to have advanced the solution of the matter perceptibly. He comes perilously near making shipwreck in his use of the treacherous word "sincere." There is no antithesis between "dramatic" and "sincere." Hamlet's speeches to his mother are in no sense lacking in sincerity; but they are thoroughly dramatic, and no one has suggested that Shakespeare was ever moved to speak thus to Mary Arden. The difficulty here, as usually in this controversy, is in the assumption that all the sonnets stand or fall together. There are sonnets in Shakespeare's volume so artificial that they may well enough be such imitative exercises as Mr. Lee would make them all. There are others that from the nature of the subject, and the kind and intensity of feeling, will probably always convince the non-partisan reader that they have sprung directly from personal experience. But the real greatness of these poems is due after all to the same cause as gave supreme distinction to Shakespeare's dramatic productions—the intensity of the imaginative fervor of an essentially poetic mind.

While not ill-informed, this volume is not distinguished for the use made of recent scholarship. It shares with Professor Bradley's recent work the defect arising from an insufficient attention to theatrical conditions, the plays being treated constantly as books, not as materials for acting. A typical result of this appears in the author's preferring Plutarch's account of the death of Cleopatra to Shakespeare's superb scene, than which there is scarcely anything greater in literature. Had he accustomed himself more to the visualizing of Shakespeare's scenes, he would not find wanting here the effect of Plutarch's "moving little touches of description." Again, his statement, "Nor is there reason to suppose that the public called at one time for comic stories, at another time for tragic, and that [Shakespeare's] plots were adapted to suit the demand," would hardly have been made thus absolutely had he weighed the contributions to dramatic history made by Wendell and Thorndike.

In the estimate of individual characters, there will always be diversity of opinion; but we fancy few careful students will agree that in "Hamlet" Osric is drawn with "loving care," whereas the King is "little better than a man of straw." This last view is partly due to exaggeration of the caution on which the author insists, that one should be careful to view secondary characters in relation to the hero. More serious is what seems to us the limitation of his view of the place of character in affecting the course of the action. He seems to think that there is no middle way between regarding the catastrophe as entirely determined by the character of the hero, or as entirely determined by Providence or Fate or Fortune. But Bradley has admirably pointed out the truth to life in Shakespeare's blending of these two forces, showing how the outcome could be what it is only by such and such a character in interaction with such and such external accidents. With this limitation is connected a curiously narrow view of the meaning of "morality." "There is no moral lesson to be read," Raleigh says, "except accidentally, in any of Shakespeare's tragedies. They deal with greater things than man: with powers and passions, elemental forces, and dark abysses of suffering"—and so on. Does, then, morality have nothing to do with the conduct of man under the pressure of powers and passions?

We have said that no attempt is made to add to our knowledge of facts. One exception should be noted. An interesting line of study is suggested and excellently exemplified in the search for what might be called the non-literary sources of Shakespeare. From books like Harrison's "Description of England," Greene's "Second Part of Connie-Catching," and Lord Burghley's correspondence, he gathers descriptions of fashions and incidents which help us to reconstruct the daily pageant that passed before Shakespeare's eyes. The other contributions are chiefly of the nature of interpretations; and, in spite of the considerable number of differences of opinion we have set down, the bulk of the book forms a brilliant essay upon selected features of the dramatist's work. Viewing it thus, we have no right to insist on such omissions as that of all consideration or appraisal of Shakespeare's verse, or to criticise the volume as if it were meant to be compendious. It is in no sense a handbook or a detailed critical biography, but a stimulating account of the reaction of Shakespeare's creations upon a keen and sensitive mind, recorded by a master of style.

LEA'S HISTORY OF THE INQUISITION.

A History of the Inquisition of Spain. By Henry Charles Lea, Volumes II. and III. Pp. xi, 603, xi, 575. New York: The Macmillan Co. Each $2.50 net.

The second and third volumes of Mr. Lea's monumental work, following close upon the account of the origin and establishment of the Holy Office contained in the first volume, are devoted to a careful analysis of the structure and workings of the Spanish Inquisition, as seen in its organization, resources, jurisdiction, procedure, and punishments, and in the various spheres of its activity. The author keeps the larger aspects of the subject well in mind, and is not afraid to generalize at the proper time, but he is in accord with recent tendencies in institutional study in striving to be as concrete as possible and to show the real nature of the Inquisition by the specific detail which makes clear its actual operations. This illustrative detail, however, is not chosen for sensational purposes; the treatment throughout shows the qualities of sobriety, steadiness, patience, and candor which we have come to expect in Mr. Lea's work. Rarely has so significant an institution been so sanely and comprehensively studied, and rarely has the reader been placed in so good a position to observe its workings and draw his own conclusions from the evidence presented.

To most readers the interest in these volumes will centre in the account they give of the procedure of the Inquisition and the penalties imposed upon its victims. At the outset the law which the Holy Office administered was not of its own creation, but a system inherited from the papal inquisitors of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. This the Spanish tribunal modified and elaborated as time went on, sometimes in the direction of greater severity, but often on the side of leniency and justice. Its methods have generally been judged, and condemned, by the application of modern or abstract standards, and it is one of Mr. Lea's signal merits as an historian that he studies them in the light of their origin and of the secular jurisprudence of their time—a task for which he is peculiarly qualified by the wide acquaintance with the history of European law which was made manifest many years ago in his "Superstition and Force." Thus nothing is more repellent to the modern mind than the judicial use of torture; and when we shudder at its prevalence under the Inquisition, we are apt to forget that it was regularly employed in the secular courts of most European countries until the close of the eighteenth century. It had been a well recognized instrument of the mediæval inquisitors; the Spanish tribunals restricted rather than extended its use, and as a rule were "less cruel than the secular courts in its application." The system was bad enough, even within these limits, as the instances given by Mr. Lea (*e. g.* Vol. III. p. 24) prove, but "the popular impression that the inquisitorial torture-chamber was the scene of exceptional refinement in cruelty, of specially ingenious modes of inflicting agony, and of peculiar persistence in extorting confessions, is an error due to sensational writers who have exploited credulity."

The special methods of procedure also, the so-called "inquisitorial process," while they originated in the inquisitorial tribunals of the thirteenth century, had passed into general use in secular courts, but they were not there carried on amid the inviolable secrecy which surrounded all the operations of the Holy Office. No one was allowed to know its methods—hence the barrenness of Spanish literature on the subject of inquisitorial practice, in contrast to the abundance of Italian works on the subject—and one who entered its prisons "disappeared as utterly as though the earth had swallowed him." The Inquisition "framed its own code and administered it in darkness," and in an age when "the secular courts, though open to the public, were little better than instruments of oppression and extortion," it was not to be expected that its secret tribunals

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should be either scrupulous or merciful.

Mr. Lea continues:

Yet, whatever we may think of the morality of the inquisitorial process, there can be no doubt as to its efficacy. In studying the long and minute records of the trials, where every detail is set forth in writing, it is instructive to see how often the accused, who boldly commences by asserting his orthodoxy, comes in successive audiences to make some admission of which advantage is skilfully taken and gradually the denial breaks down, or perhaps yields to the terrors of the accusation and the publication of evidence, ending in complete confession and eager implication of kindred and friends. The situation of the accused, in fact, was helpless. Standing up alone before the stern admonitions of the trained and pitiless judge; brooding in his cell, cut off from all external communication, during weeks and months of interval between his audiences; apparently forgotten, but living in the constant uncertainty of being at any moment summoned to appear; torturing his mind as to the impression which his utterances might have made, or the deductions drawn from his admissions or denials; balancing between the chances of escape, by persistent assertions of innocence, and those of condemnation as an *impenitente negativo*, and urged by his so-called advocate to confess and throw himself on the mercy of the tribunal—it required an exceptionally resolute temperament to endure the prolonged strain, with the knowledge that the opponent in the deadly game always had in reserve the terrible resources of the torture-chamber. The whole course of the procedure was based on the assumption that the accused was guilty; that it was the province of the tribunal to induce or compel him to confess his guilt, and in the great majority of instances the assumption was correct. To those who regarded aberrations from the faith as the greatest of crimes before God and man, and their punishment as the most acceptable service that man could render to God, this presumption of guilt served to justify the cruelty of the procedure and the denial of all facilities for defence which, to those trained in the principles of English justice, seem the imprescriptible right of the accused, whether innocent or not.

After conviction or confession had been secured, Mr. Lea finds that the Spanish Inquisition "was not systematically and ferociously cruel as has so often been asserted." Yet it was more merciless than its mediæval predecessor in the work of extermination. It added new penalties, like the gag and the galleys, and it employed the stake, as a foretaste of the unquenchable fire of the world to come, not only for pertinacious heretics, but also for those who repented after sentence. Such penitents, however, were frequently, as an act of mercy, garrotted before burning. It was in Spain, too, that the simpler *sermo* of earlier times was replaced by the *auto da fe*, "an elaborate public solemnity, carefully devised to inspire awe for the Inquisition, and to impress the population with a wholesome abhorrence of heresy, by representing in so far as it could the tremendous drama of the Day of Judgment." Carried out with truly Spanish regard for ceremony and display, the *auto* was considered an entertainment appropriate for a day of rejoicing or for the reception of distinguished guests, until, along with bullfights and fireworks, it became an essential part of a royal fiesta. Philip V., in 1701, was the first king to decline to be present at an *auto* celebrated in honor of his accession.

Even when its sentence was light, "the mercy of the Inquisition was more to be dreaded than the severity of other tribunals," for its smallest penalty might condemn the accused and his posterity to lasting infamy. Not only were the disabilities imposed by the canon law on the children and grandchildren of impenitent heretics construed as applying to the children and grandchildren of all condemned or reconciled by the Inquisition, but all its penances came to be considered a stigma, and this stain, like descent from one of the proscribed races, was transmitted to the remotest descendant. Meanwhile, the craze for *limpieza*, or absolute purity of blood, took hold of Spain and left its mark deep on the national life. Proof of *limpieza* came to be required for admission to the priesthood, to the colleges, to the great military orders, and to any form of employment by the Holy Office itself. The process of proof was slow and difficult, and hearsay evidence was freely admitted, so that a writer of 1629 says that "those who succeed best in the proofs are the poor peasants, whose grandparents have been forgotten, and the great nobles, against whom no one dares to testify." About 1560 Cardinal Mendoza prepared a memoir showing that virtually the whole nobility of Castile and Aragon had a strain of Jewish blood; and "no one of the upper middle class, except in the remote mountainous districts of the north and east, could feel sure that investigation might not reveal some unfortunate *mésalliance* of a distant ancestor." The result was, of course, "greatly to increase the authority of the Inquisition and the terror which it shed around it, by the fact that at a word it could inflict this undying infamy upon a lineage"; and also to increase race hatred.

Another phase of the Inquisition is brought into sharp relief by Mr. Lea in his chapter on confiscation. That the property of condemned heretics should be forfeited to the state was a principle inherited from the Inquisition of the Middle Ages, where it proved effective in securing the support of princes in whom the religious impulse to persecution was weak; and it is to the credit of the Spanish institution that it mitigated in various ways the harsh administration of its predecessor. Nevertheless, confiscation, by reason of the suffering which it inflicted on the families of the condemned, was recognized by the inquisitors "as their most potent weapon and the one most dreaded by the industrious classes which formed their chief of labor." "The enforcement of confiscation was a business matter, reduced to thorough and pitiless system." How much was realized in this way it is quite impossible to say, but the indications are that the amounts were enormous. In spite of the shrinkage resulting from the hurried sales of confiscated property and the mismanagement and peculation from which the Holy Office suffered in common with all departments of the Spanish Government, the Inquisition was enabled to pay all the expenses of its proceedings, to support its officers and subordinates in comfort, with various perquisites and special provision for their entertainment at bullfights and other festal occasions, to accumulate a large capital against the leaner days of the seventeenth century, and to pay over a large surplus to the crown. Such systematic spoliation was a heavy burden upon the productivity of the country, but this was probably the least of the economic evils to which it gave rise. As the heretic's property was held to be forfeited from the time when the first act of heresy had been committed, all his subsequent acts were accordingly invalidated, and although the older procedure was so far mitigated as to allow the collection of debts against his estate, the retroactive construction of this doctrine in other respects unsettled all business:

Trade could not flourish when credit was impaired, and confidence could not exist when merchants and manufacturers of the highest standing might, at any moment, fall into the hands of the tribunal and all their assets be impounded.

It has often been pointed out that the Jews and Moriscos whom the Inquisition drove out of Spain were economically the most valuable classes of the population. Mr. Lea is, if we mistake not, the first to call attention to the effects of the Inquisition upon credit and commercial security as contributing to the decline of Spanish commerce and industry which is one of the most striking facts of modern economic history.

The original field of activity of the Spanish Inquisition was among the *conversos* or Judaizing Christians; and the expulsion of the Jews by Ferdinand and Isabella, followed by the vigorous activity of the inquisitors during the sixteenth century, practically rooted out Judaism from Spain, except where it was reinforced by fugitives from the newly organized Inquisition of Portugal. The expulsion of the Moriscos which ensued under Philip III., an episode which Mr. Lea has recounted more fully in a special volume, threatened to deprive the Inquisition of its reason for existence, for of heresy in the ordinary sense Spain produced exceedingly little. The new life and importance of the Holy Office in the seventeenth century were the result, and the chief result, of the Protestant movement in Spain, the extent and importance of which, naturally exaggerated by the sympathy which many modern writers have felt for the fate of its adherents, Mr. Lea reduces to their true proportions:

There never was the slightest real danger that Protestantism could make such permanent impression on the profound and unreasoning religious convictions of Spain in the sixteenth century, as to cause disturbance in the body politic. . . . Spanish Protestantism was a mere episode, of no practical moment save as its repression fortified the Inquisition and led to the segregation of Spain from the intellectual and industrial movement of the succeeding centuries.

The dread of heretical contamination led Philip II. to order home all Spanish youth studying abroad, and it confined within the narrowest limits commercial intercourse with Protestant countries, so that for a time "the heretic trader took his life and fortune in his hands when he ventured to make a Spanish harbor."

With study abroad prohibited and a close watch kept on all foreigners at the frontiers, the only vehicle left for new ideas was the printing-press, and the censorship took care of that. State censorship of books had been established by Ferdinand and Isabella; but it was not until 1521 that the Inquisition asserted its authority in this field for the purpose of preventing the introduction and spread of Lutheran writings. How this control was exercised, through the Index, the expurgation of bookshops and libraries, the search of ships' cargoes, and

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the supervision of matters of morals and art, Mr. Lea sets forth in one of his most notable chapters and illustrates with typical documents in the appendix. There could be but one result, which is thus described in the closing paragraph of the third volume:

Thus the censorship of the Inquisition was all-embracing, from the most dangerous heresies of Luther and Calvin, the popularization of Scripture, the relations between Church and State, and the liberalism of the modern era, down to the veriest trifles. It was an engine of immense power, constantly applied for the furtherance of Obscurantism, the repression of thought, the exclusion of foreign ideas, and the obstruction of progress. It was accompanied by a State censorship, based upon the law of 1558, perfected in innumerable successive regulations, of a character most vexatious and embarrassing to authorship, and this duplication of censors exercised a most deplorably depressing influence on literature and culture. Authorship was discouraged by the uncertainty whether works, on which perhaps years of labor had been spent, would secure a license to print; the business of publication was rendered extra-hazardous by the fact that a book, printed with due license from the State, might at any moment be prohibited by the Inquisition and the whole edition be seized and destroyed, while purchasers who had bought such a licensed book were liable to be deprived of it without compensation. Thus, between the State and the Inquisition, whether working in unison or at cross-purposes, the intellectual development which, in the sixteenth century, promised to render Spanish literature and learning the most illustrious in Europe, was stunted and starved into atrophy, the arts and sciences were neglected, commercial and industrial progress was rendered impossible, and the character which Spain acquired among the nations was tersely expressed in the current saying that Africa began at the Pyrenees.

CURRENT FICTION.

Martin Hewitt, Investigator. By Arthur Morrison. New York: Harper & Bros.

The Thinking Machine. By Jacques Futrelle. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Case of Doctor Horace. By John H. Prentis. New York: Baker & Taylor Co.

The short detective story has become so thoroughly conventionalized within the last few years that it would be as unfair to accuse an author of imitating Sir Conan Doyle by describing the exploits of an unofficial detective of marked personal peculiarities, rapid and incisive deductive powers, as to accuse him of imitating Pinero by writing a play in three acts.

Mr. Futrelle has been bold enough to christen his elucidator in so many words the "Thinking Machine," mentioning only now and then his real name, Prof. Augustus S. F. X. Van Dusen, the scientific man who is consulted on occasions of great stress by Hutchinson Hatch, reporter, a journalistic counterpart of Dr. Watson. "Nothing is impossible," is Professor Van Dusen's dictum. "The mind is master of all things." Martin Hewitt, Mr. Morrison's detective, on the other hand, always maintains, more modestly, that he has "no system beyond a judicious use of ordinary faculties."

The criminals with whom Prof. Van Dusen has to deal in the seven tales here printed are, perhaps, as modern a lot as fiction affords. They turn scientific knowledge to their own purposes in ways that are dark indeed; in fact, rather beyond the scope even of legitimate science. Mr. Morrison's criminals, equally ingenious, employ more familiar agencies for their nefarious business. Mr. Futrelle, it might be said in generalization, is the more fertile devising enigmas, Mr. Morrison in answering them without straining.

On this point, the detective story must be judged by canons of its own. It is the first duty of the writer to carry out his implied contract to provide for every problem a solution that shall be complete and adequate, with the minimum of evidence left in the detective's sole possession till the last moment. From this point of view, it is hard to justify the use of an actually false clue under any circumstances. The reader should have the chance to match his wits on even terms against the writer, who must give as much information as possible, without disclosing the final solution. Now Mr. Futrelle is guilty of keeping up suspense by false evidence. The whole mystery in one of these stories is sustained through twenty-six pages, on the supposition that a revolver shot fired in a certain direction struck nothing. It is only explained at the very end of the story that the constable merely missed his mark. The mistake might easily happen in an actual criminal case, but it does not properly belong in a detective story. For a narrative that complies with the same condition, giving substantially all the necessary clues before the final revelation comes, the first of the Martin Hewitt stories, "The Lenten Croft Robberies" may be cited.

With the requirements of the detective story in mind, one may well wonder why John H. Prentis did not choose this form for "The Case of Doctor Horace." Indeed it would not be bad advice to begin the book on page 65, at which point the detective starts his investigation of the crime or supposed crime, which has already been explained to the reader. The opening chapters could be read almost as well after the closing. "A Study of the Importance of Conscience in the Detection of Crime" is the formidable sub-title of this story. The "study" is made by means of a simulated murder. A wager has been made between two friends, one of whom holds the Websterian theory that it is always a guilty conscience which betrays a criminal to the law, while the other regards the comparative certainty of arrest as merely a matter of superior force on the side of justice. To settle the point the two men arrange a mock murder of one by the other. The body of a pauper strikingly resembling Dr. Horace is found, all the circumstances of the crime arranged, and at a certain daybreak Edwin Wallace, exponent of the "conscience" theory, is turned out in the streets of Detroit, a fugitive from justice, a murderer in all particulars except that no guilt of blood is on his soul.

It is an idea of manifest possibilities, and Mr. Prentis's book begins promisingly. His idea of letting the detective construct from the clues at hand an unfeeling monster as the criminal to explain the acts of an ordinary man with a clear conscience is good enough to redeem the apparent anti-climax of starting the search after the end of it is disclosed. The story, however, though readable throughout, weakens deplorably in the latter chapters. The absence of illustrative quotations from the heads of chapters after the tenth marks also a sad decline in invention. The device by which the fugitive is allowed to escape arrest because the detective is momentarily too angry to see him is puerile.

The Cave Man. By John Corbin. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

It is evident that, to a large fraction of the public, a novel has come to mean a highly technical description of some form of sport or business, into which has been woven a mechanical love affair or two. The longer the special terminology, the welcomer the novel, since such productions make no greater demand upon the reader's imagination than an average newspaper report. Consequently, "The Cave Man" may be confidently recommended to college lads (for is not the opening scene laid in the Stadium itself?) and to all whole-souled motorists. The latter will find it a pleasant variant upon the usual "Bubble" story, since it strikes deep at the root of matters, and deals not only with cranks, cogs, and gears, but also with a full-fledged and sinful motor Trust. To readers of another kidney, it will seem pathetically artless in its crudity, in the knowingness which patters an endless vocabulary of mechanics and current slang. The polo games, the "iced bottles," the local jests, all fail to infuse one breath of life into the plots and counter plots of the Trust maker and the Trust buster.

Studies in Seven Arts. By Arthur Symons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

Whoever means to become a "centrist" critic in mature years does well to be creative in youth in one of the eccentric schools. Thus one avoids the easy jibe—that one was born an academic, color-blind, stone-deaf, and the like. Arthur Symons has taken this precaution. He is one of the few decadent poets of quality that England has produced; for years he has been a sort of official envoy of the Parisian symbolists at London. It is something of a surprise then to find him a critic almost of the old-fashioned magisterial sort. We are accustomed to him as a subtile analyzer of his personal impressions, neither seeking nor expecting any better apology for them than that they have been deeply felt. Here we find him going behind the impression for universal principles. The result is a rather curious and not wholly pleasing mixture of the old sensitive somewhat profuse diction with a ratiocinative mood. Pater is avowedly the patron saint of the volume, but it is far more metaphysical than anything the recluse of Brasenose ever permitted himself.

To be a disillusioned decadent is not merely to have seen, but also to have seen through much, and Mr. Symons is perhaps most exhilarating in the ruthless analysis of such kindred spirits as Gustave Moreau and Richard Strauss. The essays in which he sets forth the frigid doctrinarism that underlies the pyrotechnics of these two men of supreme talent are among the best in the book, escaping measurably the *morbidezza* that elsewhere attenuates much excellent reasoning. But the reader does not yet know why the arts are seven. Sculpture,

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painting, architecture, music, are familiar enough: to these the author adds handicraft (which is hardly a separate art), the theatre (considered as a nexus of drama, pantomime, acting, scenery, and costume), and the dance taken by itself. These arts are considered in their contemporary and most significant aspects. To get at the gist of the book we may eliminate the four short studies of the theatre and the ballet at the end. They contain an interesting theory of the stage, based largely on Gordon Craig's teachings, and some suggestive passages on the decadence, but the scale of these essays is too small to be persuasive; much that is said in them is better said in the admirable essay on "The Ideas of Richard Wagner," and they were, on the whole, better out of the book. As much may be said of the essay on cathedrals, Cologne, Canterbury, Amiens, Bourges, which reveal Mr. Symons in his old musing vein and have little to do with architecture as such, being largely devoted to Gothic sculpture. An essay on the "Decay of Craftsmanship in England" is again, like so many other "decays," a good old journalistic friend offered here as small change. One would be loath to miss the essay on Eleonora Duse, personal as it is to the point of indiscretion. In it one may admire the paradox that the greatest actress of our times has prevailed through scorn of her art and a practice of repression that is the very negation of acting itself. The fact is eminently piquant and modern. Duse once told Mr. Symons petulantly that the only way to have a real theatre was to let all the actors die of the plague. A less painful clean-sweep, and an equally effective one, would be for the entire profession to imitate her own dramatic reserve. We could dispense with the essay on "The Painting of the Nineteenth Century," a review of D. S. MacColl's excellent book, not but that it is a workmanlike review, but it is, perforce, scrappy, and its few general ideas are found also in the studies of Watts, Whistler, and Rodin.

We feel justified in paring this collection down to its substantial contents, the essays on Rodin; the three on painting, Watts, Whistler, Gustave Moreau; the three on music, Beethoven, Wagner, and Richard Strauss; because Mr. Symons in his preface and elsewhere has made solemn profession of discrimination. That indispensable quality is never more in place than when one is tempted to promote one's journalism to the dignity of fair type and sober cloth. The seven essays just enumerated above belong to the best of our time. They are indeed discriminating. No one has more truly described the wholly voluntary smallness of Whistler's greatness, no one has grasped more firmly the unerringly pictorial quality of every design of Watts. That criticism is defective only on the technical side. Watts with his undoubted genius carried a terrible handicap of lapses in workmanship. Take the portrait he did for the Uffizi, you are tempted to say it is the most splendid thing in its gallery, until you note its ghostliness, its absence of bone and muscle, of all that means palpable reality.

The longest and the most valuable essays are those on Beethoven and Wagner. In particular everybody should be grateful for the clear summing up of Wagner's æsthetic ideas. It would be difficult to find elsewhere so good a statement of what Wagner meant for art in general—a statement drawn from many difficult treatises and happily divested of biographical and merely controversial digressions. We may note in conclusion an interesting harmony between the three essays on painting and those on music. They constitute a parallel series: a great instinctive and elemental artist, Watts-Beethoven; a great artist of the conscious and reforming type, Whistler-Wagner; and a great talent of the uninstinctive and cerebral sort, Gustave Moreau-Richard Strauss. All these studies, with the Rodin, are stimulating, freighted with much reading and knowledge of life. They bring us nearer a definition of some of the *typical geniuses of the century just passed*. They reveal certain pitfalls that yawn for the artist when his art shuns society and grows in the ill-ventilated chambers of the individual mind.

Homer and His Age. By Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. $3.50 net.

Pour Mieux Connaître Homère. By Michel Bréal. Paris: Hachette & Cie.

Two entertaining chapters are added to the History of Variations—of Homeric critics by Andrew Lang's "Homer and His Age," and Professor Michel Bréal's "Pour Mieux Connaître Homère." The Englishman and the Frenchman maintain an *entente cordiale* in their common rejection of the theories of their German predecessors, and the condemnation of their methods. The "Iliad" is not a *Volks Epos*, or an unconscious organic growth, whatever that may mean, but a product of conscious art. There is, and can be, no popular epic. Such unity and structure as the "Kalewala" possesses is the creation of Lönnrot. The Homeric poems were not transmitted by oral tradition, but were composed or preserved with the aid of writing—the alphabet being now proved for Crete and the whole Mediterranean basin centuries before the earliest date that can be assigned to Homer. The "Iliad" is not a haphazard collection of ballads, but an artistic whole, and the unity of its literary manner, the consistency of its leading characters, and its harmonious picture of a single stage of culture are irreconcilable with the hypothesis that it is a "mosaic of the work of several changeful centuries." It was never translated out of Æolic into Ionian, and its different strata, supposing them to exist, and occasional interpolations, cannot be detected by linguistic analysis of its originally composite dialect.

With these negations, however, all agreement ends. Mr. Lang proves to his own satisfaction that the Homeric poems consistently represent the culture of a single age, the age which follows the late Mycenæan shaft graves and precedes the tombs found outside the Dipylon gate at Athens (900-750 B. C.). The Mycenæans buried; the people of the Dipylon age sometimes buried, and sometimes burned; but they did not build cairns. Cremation and burial in barrows, with no ghost worship, is the mark of the Homeric age. "We can go no further till we find an unrifled cairn burial answering to Homer's description"—the absence of which both surprises and grieves Mr. Lang. M. Bréal, on the other hand, is confident that the Homeric poems were composed not earlier than 700 B. C., by a guild of Greek poets residing at the court of the later kings of Lydia. He greatly lightens the burden of maintaining this thesis by not raising the question of their relation to Hesiod, or to the Cyclic poets whose introduction of customs unknown to Homer is one of Mr. Lang's chief arguments against a late and gradual evolution of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey."

Again, Mr. Lang cites "Beowulf," the "Niebelungen Lied," and the Chansons de Geste to show that early poets do not archaize or attempt local or historical color. And he infers that the weapons and methods of fighting of the Homeric warrior reflect contemporary practice, which need not, however, have exhibited the uniformity postulated for any given generation by the vigorous and rigorous analyses of Reichel and Robert. To M. Bréal, on the contrary, nothing seems plainer than that "l'idée de noter les choses du jour est une idée qui vient tard en littérature." Homer, he thinks, describes in such detail the accoutrement of his heroes because it was strange and romantic. He represented them as fighting from the war chariots with which Egyptian and Assyrian art had familiarized his imagination in order to lift them above the prosaic level of modern life.

Mr. Lang, after an elaborate comparison of Agamemnon with the Charlemagne of *mediæval epic, concludes that nothing but* experience or a course in the history of feudalism could have enabled Homer to portray so truthfully the peculiar relation of a feudal suzerain to his subordinate and insubordinate vassals. But M. Bréal thinks that the Homeric Zeus alone is sufficient proof that Homer's conception of royal authority was derived from observation of an Oriental monarchy. Mr. Lang rejects both the school of Chios and the Commission of Peisistratus, and affirms that there is no example in history of a great artistic unity resulting from the labors of a school or a committee. M. Bréal finds the true analogue of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" in the mediæval cathedrals, and argues that though the poems could not have sprung directly from the people or been sung by strolling rhapsodes, they might have been, and probably were, produced by a school of bards composing on prescribed themes in a traditional style for Greco-Lydian festivals, antetypes of the later Panathenaic and Olympian competitions. Popular tradition attributed the work of these bards to "Homer," who may or may not have been the first or greatest of them. The stress laid on the idea of glory and posthumous fame in the "Iliad" may be due in part to the agonistic element in these competitions. And the frequent references to the "sweet fatherland" express the homesickness of Greek exiles at a semi-barbarian court.

It is not worth while to pursue the antithesis further. Until we discover some method for converting possibilities or plausibilities into probabilities and certainties, the value of such books as these will reside not in their conclusions, but in the stimulating effect of their incidental

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discussions of Homeric poetry and primitive Greek civilization.

Though both works are readable, neither is properly speaking a true book, laboriously and carefully composed in a spirit of respect for the subject and the reader. Mr. Lang has looked into a great many authorities and collected a vast amount of material about burial and cremation, bronze and iron, primitive weapons, the comparative literature of the epic and other interesting topics. The vivacity of his polemic, his wealth of allusion and occasional felicities of phrase engage and hold the attention. But he has evidently written up his notes *currente calamo*, with little concern for system and unity of presentation, consistency in argument, or the elimination of wearisome repetition.

M. Bréal's slighter performance being French, is, of course, not quite so formless. But if we were to hazard an Homeric hypothesis about the composition of his book, we should conjecture that it has been put together out of old class-room lectures and lecture notes. The lectures, filling pages 1-131, set forth the hypothesis which we have outlined. The notes, of which we have not spoken, occupy the rest of the volume, and under the somewhat pretentious title of "Lexilogus," for which the author apologizes, present a choice of sporadic observations on the etymology or meaning of about 150 Homeric terms. Ἠρίον is derived from ἠρώιον, Bœotian ἠροῖον. Its occurrence in Iliad, xxiii., would then be a confirmation of the later origin of that book.

A Genetic History of the New England Theology. By Frank Hugh Foster. The University of Chicago Press. $2 net.

From 1734, when Jonathan Edwards preached his celebrated sermons on Justification by Faith, to the withdrawal of Edwards A. Park from his theological chair at Andover one hundred and fifty years later, a noble army of theologians in the divinity schools and pulpits of New England contended valiantly for the faith once delivered to John Calvin. The contrast between the New England divines and less progressive and original representatives of the Calvinistic system, may have blurred, to the perception of some, the essential loyalty of the New England fathers to their Genevan master, but that they were loyal to the fundamental principles of the "Institutes" cannot be doubted, even in the case of the latest representatives of the school. In New England, Calvinism had a chance to show what it could do, not only with a single generation whom it enfranchised, but also for the education and development of successive generations. During the century and a half of its sway in Puritan America, it was called upon to face the most serious and vital questions that can be raised under the Christian system of truth. Not only Edwards, but other leaders of the school as well, were men of unusual powers of mind, possessing also something of the prophetic gift. The historian of the New England theology, therefore, has a subject of great importance and fascinating interest, which leads into the deeper problems of religion and calls for clear judgment on the most difficult questions with which faith and philosophy have concerned themselves.

Prof. Foster has appreciated his subject, and bestowed upon it the labor and pains which its importance deserves. His criticism of the work and writings of the successive theologians is clear and penetrating. He is at pains to bring to light the order and progress of New England thought, and to exhibit the "improvements" which others besides Edwards effected. At the same time he acknowledges with entire frankness the insufficiency of the reply to Channing and the Unitarian movement; he demonstrates fully the deadening effect of the Calvinistic system when continued for generations as the sole religious doctrine of a community, records the collapse of Calvinism as a vital religious doctrine in New England, and traces its downfall to weaknesses in the system itself.

It is evidently a matter of keen pain to the author that he is compelled to narrate the fall as well as the rise of a distinct school of theology in New England. Such feeling is natural to one of Puritan antecedents, and yet the real wonder is that there should have been a New England school at all, and not that it should have disappeared. New England only received the theology of the Westminster Confession, and worked out its salvation by means of it, or shall we say, notwithstanding it, more thoroughly than was done elsewhere. This was due partly to the isolation of the country and the homegeneous character of its religious life, but more largely to the remarkable succession of great men who were the leaders of New England religious thought. The extinction of the school is to be laid at the door of men outside the confines of Puritan territory, who ushered in methods of thought and investigation which New England could not have been expected to discover, but whose conclusions she was too pious to resist, even at the cost of her own beliefs.

Prof. Foster may be allowed considerable enthusiasm for his saints, but it is a pity that his admiration of Bushnell and his conviction of the similarity of the views of the Hartford preacher and those of Ritschl, betrayed him into speaking of "the inferior Ritschl." Surely this is one of those comparisons which partakes of the proverbial nature of such indulgences.

Science.

Life and Evolution. By F. W. Headley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

Although the author has written carefully, and has made but few slips of statement, this volume is, in a number of ways, unsatisfactory, and not least so in regard to the mechanical make-up. It is printed on uncoated paper, yet is awkward to hold, while it opens with such difficulty that reading it is made anything but a pleasure. Why numerous full-page insets should be given up to small line cuts is not clear. Both the value and appearance of many of the numerous illustrations are injured by their amateurish, not to say slovenly, character. To refer to one example among many, in the upper illustration facing page 105 we have part of a fireplace, four shelves of books, a wooden chair, and a ravelled piece of cloth, against which is leaned a bony structure, surrounded by rough, uneven letters and figures. The caption tells us that this mosaic represents the "Skeleton of Wing of Adjutant Bird"! In these days of splendid book-making and skilful and cheap retouching, there is no excuse for a book of this kind being bound and illustrated as this one is. On the other hand, there are a number of photographs which, by their very excellence, emphasize the mediocrity of the remainder.

As to the subject matter itself, it is disappointing to those who have read Mr. Headley's two former volumes, to find that in large part this covers the same ground. The average modern reader has little time for such rehashes, especially when the matter was well presented the first time. As new material we note the first two chapters on "Plants and Animals" and "The Sea." Considering the wide field here covered, it is very well done, being pleasantly written in a popular style, well adapted, as the author intends, for children.

Mr. Headley's specialty, the flight of birds, has so monopolized his pen and thoughts, that to it is devoted more than a sixth of the entire volume—necessitating a complete neglect of scores of other interesting problems of "Life and Evolution" and (considering such a title), resulting in a lack of balance which would be fatal if applied to any of his theories of flight. Indeed, the whole class of mammals is scarcely mentioned.

The portion on flight is by far the best of the book, though requiring no criticism as it is practically a review of the ground gone over in one of his former volumes. It is written in a wholly different style from the other chapters, and in fact seems out of place in this collection of life-histories and descriptive biology. If elaborated and published as a small individual volume, its worth would be far more appreciated.

The final chapters on mentality, struggle for existence, and natural selection contain nothing new, being reviews of well-known facts and theories. Occasional ambiguous sentences are most confusing, as on page 106, "The loss of teeth, found only in some extinct species, still further reduced the weight of the skull."

The Maryland State Geological Survey was established in 1896, after a long period of years without scientific work of this kind under local auspices. It was wisely associated with Johns Hopkins University, whose professor of geology, William Bullock Clark, is at the same time State geologist. Dr. Clark has proved an efficient and successful director, and has placed the university stamp of thoroughness and accuracy upon the reports which have thus far appeared. The publications have taken the form of general reports, now in the sixth volume, and of special monographs. The fifth volume contains four important papers. L. H. Bauer contributes a second article upon the magnetic work in the State.

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January 1, 1900 is selected as a suitable date upon which to establish all the important features of magnetic declination for Maryland. Since property lines are so often based upon surveys with the ordinary compass; and since the magnetic pole varies from time to time in position, it is of practical as well as of scientific importance to record at stated periods and as accurately as may be, the facts of the behavior of the needle. Dr. Bauer has also carefully located the boundary line between the important coal-producing counties, Allegany and Garrett. The Survey has given much attention to improvement of highways. In the third part of the volume, A. N. Johnson describes the methods pursued and the results obtained. The fourth part, in many respects the most important report yet issued by the Survey, relates to the coals of the western portion of the State, and presents an accurate and well-illustrated description of these the most important of Maryland's material resources. George C. Martin is the principal contributor. The sixth volume of the Reports has recently appeared. It contains a valuable summary of the physical features of the State; geography, geology, and mineral resources are successively passed in review. The Survey has also issued a volume upon Cecil County, which forms the northeastern corner, bordering on Pennsylvania and Delaware. The area embraces the ancient crystalline rocks and the later deposits of the coastal plain. The physiography, geology, resources, soils, climate, hydrography, magnetism, and forests receive thorough treatment, and are illustrated by a separate volume of maps. A monograph has also been prepared upon the Pliocene and Pleistocene Deposits by Geo. B. Shattuck. These components of the coastal plain are soft sandstones, marls, and shell-beds, now appearing in a series of well-marked terraces and overlapping beds. Their classification and interpretation turn upon the successive relations of the sea and land as determined by elevations and subsidences. Dr. Shattuck makes a strong case by the use of these marine factors in deciphering the past history.

"North Polar Problems" was the subject of a lecture on April 29, by Dr. F. Nansen, now Norwegian Minister to Great Britain, before the Royal Geographical Society. He dealt first with the geomorphological features of the region, and said that it was of essential importance to determine the edge of the Continental shelf off the known coast. This is now known exactly in only two places. From the direction of the sea currents and the drift of the ice he was led to believe that there was land to the north of Spitzbergen, and that consequently the North Polar basin was a comparatively long and narrow depression. A drift with a ship across the unknown North from Western Alaska would give most important results, especially if observations were taken of the temperature and salinity of the deep-water strata of the deep sea beyond the edge of the Continental shelf. It would require probably five years.

In reviewing W. C. Morgan's "Qualitative Analysis," the spelling "oxid" and "sulfid" was said to be recommended by the American Chemical Society. This was an error for the Chemical Section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Drama.

The Goddess of Reason. By Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.

The most obvious comment upon this blank-verse drama in five acts, or rather six, for the fifth act is in two parts—is that it could not be acted on the stage without severe condensation and many structural modifications. Dramatic inexperience is revealed in the multiplicity of personages; the accumulation of climaxes; the constant arrest of action, under the most improbable conditions, by long flights of declamation; the convenient apparition of characters needed for a designed situation, and the frequent disregard of nature and probability for the sake of emotional effect. But if it has serious faults, it undoubtedly possesses some conspicuous merits. Several of its scenes are admirable bits of romantic melodrama, while two or three approach very closely, if they do not actually touch, the level of tragedy. If much of the verse is simply fluent prose cut into lengths, if there are many crude and not a few broken, halt, or utterly commonplace lines, there are occasional passages of uncommon descriptive power, full of pretty imagery and verbal eloquence, and some that thrill with ardor, scorn, or vigorous passion.

The piece is a series of panoramic episodes rather than a play. The first scene is laid in a Brittany château in the summer of 1791. Many aristocrats have assembled to congratulate the new Baron de Morbec, whose starving peasants had attacked his house the previous night and been routed by a squadron of his own cavalry, to whom the alarm had been given by a lovely marquise, the chief guest. Among the prisoners is a beautiful peasant girl, Yvette, the illegitimate daughter of the dead baron—and the chief instigator of the rioters. In her De Morbec recognizes the original of a fair vision, of whom he had caught a glimpse in a woodland ride a year before, and remembered with longing ever since. For both it was a case of love at first sight, and the jealousy of Yvette towards the marquise is the one really dramatic motive of the play, although use is made of it only once.

A year later the scene shifts to a convent garden in Nantes, where Yvette, placed there by De Morbec, is jealously awaiting his return. Without the peaceful enclosure are heard the sounds of revolution. Presently De Morbec comes with the news of widespread revolt and slaughter. Yvette implores him to adopt the tricolor, and is infuriated when she discovers that he is the pledged escort of the marquise. At his departure she steals away to join the singers of the "Marseillaise." In the third act, in 1794, the revolution is at its height, and Yvette has been chosen Goddess of Reason. De Morbec and the marquise are again in Nantes, and after various escapes fall into the hands of the mob. Yvette, by an appeal which is both eloquent and passionate, secures the freedom of Morbec, but when the latter begs her to save the marquise also, yields to jealous frenzy, and denounces both to the mob.

In the fourth act all the characters are awaiting trial in a church converted into a prison. Here again there is an imaginative and striking picture of doomed aristocrats maintaining traditional gayety in the jaws of death. The fifth act shows the trial and condemnation of the aristocrats, and is full of vigorous and picturesque declamation. Yvette by a passionate self denunciation, earns death with the rest. The final episode, somewhat overprolonged and rhapsodical, reveals the condemned, including Yvette and her baron, awaiting execution by drowning on the banks of the Loire.

This rapid synopsis will give, perhaps, a clearer notion of its scope than any possible quotation of isolated passages. Of the minor details it can only be said that in the main they are vivid, ingenious, fanciful, and appropriate. Space will only permit the reproduction of one of half-a-dozen passages marked for quotation. It is a fair average specimen of the verse, and is taken from Yvette's appeal for her lover's life:

There is a little village that I know,
A hungry village by a hungry sea,
As worn and gray as any Calvary!
The hungry shadows ate the sunshine up;
The children cried, the women wailed at morn;
The very Christ looked hungry on the Cross;
When lo! a miracle! for suddenly
The starving, haggard folk began to laugh,
The tender green put forth, the flowers bloomed,
Blue shone the sky, the lark sang overhead,
And mild the face of Christ and heavenly kind!
The little village had its fill of bread.
Yea, wine it drank, and cheerful breath it drew,
And, by the well, of this strange plenty talked,
Of tolls withdrawn, of perfect friendliness!
And then it blessed the man who gave it bread,
Who had a heart to feel with wretchedness,
And a strong arm to drive the hunger forth
As Arthur drove the giants from the land!
O men of Nantes! you'll keep your oath to me!
In Nantes to-day 't is mine to loose or bind!—
I loose this man—

The performance of Ibsen's "Little Eyolf" for the first time in this city, by the Danish actress, Madame Oda, and a special company, in the Carnegie Lyceum, on Monday evening, had a certain interest because it was given with some assumption of authority. Madame Oda, evidently an accomplished performer, is said to have received instructions about the play from Ibsen himself. However this may be, the general representation was one of marked and sympathetic intelligence. But the more conscientiously the piece is played, the less fit is it for ordinary theatrical purposes. In its demonstration of the tragedy involved in sensual indulgence, the futility of dreams, and the joys of practical altruistic effort, it preaches a sound, if somewhat ancient, moral. But in its illustrative detail it descends to a crude realism which is as unpleasant as it is unnecessary. Apart from this defect it is too persistently gloomy to possess attraction for the general public.

Speaking of Émil Fabre's drama, "Timon d'Athènes," which deals with the period of the latter part of the Peloponnesian war, and has been produced at the Théâtre Antoine in Paris, an English writer says:

The author is a scholar as well as a poet, and never in modern times has antique life been put on the stage in a more faithful and genial way than in "Timon d'Athènes." Athens revives before our eyes, and we feel as if we were breathing the same atmosphere in which Aspasia and Pericles, Socrates and Plato, Alcibiades and Cleon

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moved, and as if we had before us the very people for whom Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes wrote their plays.

M. Lavedan is engaged upon a new play, of which the scene is laid in England, Sir Joshua Reynolds being the centre figure.

Music.

Die Musik Skandinaviens. Von Walter Niemann, Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. $1.35.

In a letter addressed to the New York *Times* thirteen years ago, Edvard Grieg wrote: "I am not an exponent of 'Scandinavian' music, but only of Norwegian. The national characteristics of the three people—the Norwegians, the Swedes and the Danes—are wholly different, and their music differs just as much." Heretofore there has been no book describing and illustrating these differences, but at last this long felt want has been supplied by Walter Niemann, who attempts, in 155 compact pages, to pass in review the principal composers of those countries and to enumerate the chief characteristics of the folk music on which the works of most of them are based. He gives his pages additional interest by brief allusions to the Scandinavian authors and painters whose works have the same national characteristics. In a final chapter he reviews Finnish music, which shares many of the Scandinavian traits; Finland has produced at least one master of high rank, Jean Sibelius, whose works are coming yearly more into vogue.

Of the three Scandinavian countries, Denmark is the least exotic, musically speaking. Its folk-songs do not differ greatly from the German in melodic intervals and rhythms. The serious predominates, and there is less variety of mood than in Norwegian music, particularly in Grieg's; nor is the variety of folk-dances nearly as large as in Norway. In Danish music "all is round and soft and nebulous." The composers, too, do not seem so "outlandish" as the other Scandinavians seem to Germans, Frenchmen, or Italians (who, together, established the normal European standard). The most prominent of them are J. P. F. Hartmann and Lange-Müller, true nationalists, whose works, however, became little known outside their own country; and, above all, Niels Gade, who for a time enjoyed a world-wide vogue. Unfortunately the influence of German masters, particularly Mendelssohn, obscured his nationalism.

Norway's greatest master, Grieg, also was in danger at one time of being engulfed in the German maelstrom, but luckily Ole Bull and Nordraak encouraged him in his patriotic inclinations, and thus he became the head of the whole Scandinavian school. To him Niemann devotes several eloquent pages, in which, however, he does not sufficiently emphasize the fact that only a very small proportion of Grieg's works are based on borrowed folk-tunes. Of the other three prominent composers whom Norway has given to the world, one, Svendsen, has little national color, whereas Lange-Müller, and Sinding are unmistakably Norse. It is in Norway that musical exoticism most runs riot. The variety of folk-dances is astonishing, and not only in their rhythms, but in their melodic intervals is there much that differs delightfully from all other music. The forms of the folk-songs are largely shaped by their texts, while the melodic peculiarities are due partly to the survival of mediæval modes (differing from the modern major and minor), and partly to the limitations of the peasant fele and other instruments. On this last point our author touches all too briefly. A most interesting monograph could be written on it with reference to other countries as well as Scandinavia.

The latest contribution to Wagner literature is the "Erinnerungen" of Angelo Neumann, just issued by L. Staackmann in Leipzig. Neumann is the manager who obtained Wagner's permission to break the Bayreuth monopoly of the Nibelung operas and give them in the cities of Germany and other countries; his conductor, fortunately, was Anton Seidl. Neumann began his career as a baritone, but he soon found that his true sphere was at the head of an opera company. He happened to be in Vienna when Wagner rehearsed "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," in 1875. He gives details of the way in which the great composer exemplified for his singers details of pose, action, and facial expression, in all of which he was incomparable. After the first act of "Lohengrin" all the singers and players surrounded him to express their amazement at his achievement.

Art.

THE SALON.

PARIS, May 1.

The opening of the Old Salon—the exhibition of the official Société des Artistes Français, the only one which distributes medals and distinctions and puts an official seal on the work of young talent—has still its twofold interest, fashion and art. Both are dwindling somehow, and, taken by and large, the Old Salon is not worth the New this year, exclusive and mannered as the latter is. Of course, the Old Salon has to encourage the young. There is also new and interesting work, especially from the Spanish artists, who have a note of their own, and from a few Americans whose art is high in applying paints skilfully to canvas, but is often lacking in the "intellectual part," as Delacroix said of the painters of his time. For there is something which makes a great painting different from a picture well painted. Meanwhile, none of the older artists, French or foreign, none of those who have settled reputations, exhibits anything of especial note.

Bonnat has painted all the Presidents of the French Republic; his portrait of President Fallières is strong and unsympathetic. On the contrary, Madame la Marquise de Wentworth has a portrait of President Roosevelt, which has indeed none of the qualities of the disagreeable picture of him by Chartran, but bestows on him that look of good-natured timidity which is the proper attitude of the American man before the American woman. Prime Minister Clemenceau has consecrated Mrs. Wentworth "one of the glories of American art," if she is really the Catholic lady who managed his conversation with M. Piou, as unhappily reported in the Montagnini papers. The same lady has a portrait of Queen Alexandra, an unsympathetic presentment of that most gracious sovereign. Seymour Thomas, one of our older men in Paris, has a dull but good portrait of Miss Mildred Lee, arrière-petite-fille (?) de Washington.

The most lovable picture of the entire exhibition is a double portrait by Ernest Laurent, who is not precisely a newcomer, since his first official honors date back nearly a quarter of a century. He has always had plenty of official recognition, but with the great art public he has been slow to make his way. His picture represents a man and woman seated beside each other in their own room—just an every-day husband and wife alone at home. And they are charming: first, because of the "intellect" which the painter has put into his work, bringing out into view a youngish Philemon and Baucis, the salt of the earth, without whom the world would not long stay sweet; second, because the painter's colors, like his inner thought, are at once a harmony and a glory. The paint seems applied to the canvas in colored dust, with the vibrating effect, not unlike that of Henri Martin, loved by the few, and detested of many. But here it is altogether amiable. There are light grays and bright pinks, and, dying away in the background, water-green and dull rose and mauve. M. Laurent is a Parisian by birth, but he travelled much in search of his art (a Bourse de Voyage man); and he is totally unlike his masters—Lehmann, Hébert (for he was also a Prix de Rome), and Luc Olivier Merson.

By a veritable fatality, in the same hall with M. Laurent an Austrian painter exhibits new work, which is noteworthy for harmony, both in the idea which the colors show forth and in the colors themselves. It is a landscape of Rudolf Quittner, By the River—a small river such as they have in Europe. We stand in a tree's shade and look across the placid stream—"majestic water-course," says the Parisian who knows only the Seine, and has never looked on the broad expanse of real rivers like the Hudson or Mississippi. On the other bank, the houses of a village rise up in irregular lines, with lilacs blooming over the garden walls. The sun is setting, his last rays gild brightly the housetops and start up infinitely harmonious reflections in the water below.

It is a comfort to see new Spaniards exhibiting in such numbers. Their eyes are attuned to lights which are at times fierce, but never standardized, as with most moderns. Something might be said in praise of all their work, but it is enough to choose the two most striking. Lopez Mezquita has a portrait group of My Friends—young artists, an old hidalgo, a young priest—all with startling life under the pitiless sun of Granada. What a difference between this group and the Committee of the Association of Republican Journalists of Paris, by Laissement, a new Frenchman, whose figures are, however, very like!

Carlos Vasquez, who had honors at the Paris Salon a dozen years ago, exhibits what is perhaps the strongest picture of the Salon. Two Catalan gendarmes, such as you see only in Spain, are leading

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across country two gypsy prisoners—a man and a woman. The woman, a human animal at bay, puts one in love with all the criminal classes, just as we are all of us for the prevention of cruelty to animals. But the gendarmes are worthy and kind, almost paternal, with their faces shaved like any footballer's, and their comic-opera uniform. It is too pathetic to be laughable; too real to seem theatrical; and it should set many reading Lombroso and George Borrow. Especially as in Lopez Mezquita's painting the human beings are alive and not merely painted. And no one can complain that the "intellectual part" is wanting to these paintings of Spaniards.

Henri Zo, who is a French Basque and so next door to Spain, has not advanced this year; but he has succeeded in painting a thin stream of sunlight. Under the awning of a *patio* a man and two women, smartly dressed, loll through the heated afternoon in reclining chairs. In the background, through some opening in the awning over their heads the fierce sunlight falls in a thin oblique column; and in the atmosphere of shade it is real sunlight that for once has been painted, and not a mere light-colored symbol. It is a different trick from that of Henri Martin, which is usually eked out with golden grain and deep tree shadows, as it is this year, where his peasant—just a charming outline of shade—stops to kiss his little child. The curve of his cheek and form against the sunlight shows the young father, swelling with the happiness of life at its full. This is quite in praise of Henri Martin, who does not advance in his art, perhaps because the application of colors which artists too often mistake for the art of painting preoccupies him too much.

On the whole, Paris is holding her own in art, so far as these exhibitions show it—but little more. S. D.

THE LONDON NEW GALLERY.

The tradition lingers that the spring exhibition at the London New Gallery is one of the important picture shows of the year. Once induce the British public to believe a thing, and the difficulty is to make them stop believing it. There was some reason for the reputation of the Gallery at the start, twenty years ago. It inherited the traditions of the Grosvenor. The Burne-Jones School was still strong enough to give it distinct character. But the managers, though they have inherited the traditions, are not carrying out the principles of the Grosvenor. Sir Coutts Lindsay had big ideas. Only the best work was to be shown on his walls—the best wherever it might come from. To secure it, artists were to be invited to send special specified works, and the selection was made in the studio beforehand. It is true that Sir Coutts Lindsay did not always keep up to the level of his own high ambition, but he came near enough for the Grosvenor to deserve its reputation. Invitations are also given by the New Gallery, but—judging from results—not often with the object of obtaining the best. The show has come to have something of the air of a family gathering, for the few connected, in one way or another, with the Gallery. Some of these few, it is not unfair to say, would not easily find a chance to exhibit themselves elsewhere, even in London. There is a suggestion that titles to exhibitors' names are a recommendation. The Burne-Jones legend and influence survive only in rare canvases, neither very notable nor charming, if the simple and delicate little landscapes by Mrs. Stillman be excepted. Academicians are prominent, and they, as a rule, reserve their more important performances for Burlington House. And the worst of it is, that the International Society, which really does aim at representing the worthy outsiders, holds its winter exhibition in the New Gallery, and so sets a standard that cannot be forgotten between the last of March, when the International closes, and the last of April, when the regular New Gallery show opens.

All things considered, therefore, one should not be surprised to find how little of interest there is in the collection this year. And yet, it does come as a shock. The little is so very little. Mr. Sargent is conspicuous: in the first place, because his technical accomplishment always seems more astounding in London than anywhere else, for in London he has few technical rivals; in the second place, because, for the largest of his three pictures—the Rev. Edmond Warre, D.D., C.B., M.V.O., Late Head Master of Eton, Presentation Portrait—to which a centre of honor is given, he has used such a very big canvas, as if by size alone he could express the dignity of his subject. One cannot help looking at it, but it is hardly to be counted one of his successes. The Doctor stands on steps, leading, presumably, from school or chapel, against an architectural background that resembles nothing so much as scene painting. Nor has Mr. Sargent troubled to keep the figure in the picture; it has no relation to its surroundings, it has stepped out of their atmosphere, and is not fine enough, nor strong enough in character, to excuse such a pictorial liberty. Not even the Doctor's gown, though it has picturesque possibilities, seems to have interested him. That he can, if he chooses, paint architecture delightfully—or suggest it—is seen in a small Architectural Study. His other sitter, Mrs. Harold Harmsworth, apparently has not interested him much more than Dr. Warre. Some of the detail, especially a pale blue gauze drapery floating about the figure, is wonderfully rendered, but both figure and face are characterless, colorless. Among the other portraits are two by Sir George Reid—a Sir Charles B. Logan, D.D., Deputy Keeper of the Signet, 1887 to 1905, and the Very Rev. Principal Robert H. Story, D.D., LL.D., Principal Clerk of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, 1905—serious and learned as his portraits always are, but dull and prosaic.

Of what the critic calls "subject pictures," there are no examples of note: there is no one taking up the burden of Watts and Burne-Jones. Of the landscapes, the most striking are by Mr. East who, in the Dignity of Autumn, is distinguished by his usual feeling for composition and marred by his usual self-consciouness in trying to express it; and by Mr. and Mrs. Withers. Neither is the sculpture remarkable. Mr. Thomas does not even provide the sensation of rejection. And Prince Troubetzkoi was better represented in this winter's International, though his Bernard Shaw, Esq., will draw the crowd that fulfils the aim and object of Mr. Shaw's habit of self-advertisement. Altogether, whatever justification there is for the exhibition is scarcely to be found on the walls or in the central court.

N. N.

A discovery is reported from Naples, which, at the present moment, when the excavation of Herculaneum is in prospect, has special interest. The famous bronze quadriga, mentioned by Winckelmann in his writings as having been found at Herculaneum, but of which all trace had long been lost, has been rediscovered. A young Italian, Ettore Gabrici by name, is the ingenious finder. According to an old tradition, a large bronze horse in the National Museum at Naples was supposed to be the only remnant of this chariot. As a result of long continued studies of the bronzes in the exhibition halls and magazines of this same museum, and of a careful examination of the documents relating to the excavations of the Herculaneum bronzes, carried on between 1739 and 1872, Gabrici has been able to identify a number of pieces as undoubtedly belonging to the same monument, and forming part of the quadriga. The most important of these is the statue of a male figure, which, by its attitude and the movement of its arms, is marked out as a charioteer. The other pieces are various parts of the chariot and of the pole, a fragment of the wheels, the yoke, two decorative statuettes from the chariot, many fragments of horses, in short enough to attempt the reconstruction of this colossal monument.

Among the late accessions of the Metropolitan Museum of Art the altarpiece dedicated to St. Andrew, and attributed to Luis Borrassá, is perhaps the most important. It is composed of five large panels with a base of seven smaller panels. The central panel is a figure of St. Andrew seated, holding a large cross, his face full of resignation and sorrow. It is painted in distemper, which accounts for its remarkable state of preservation, after having been exposed to the air for some four hundred years. In speaking of this altarpiece, Roger Fry calls attention to the several artists brought to light by Señor Sanpere y Miquel in his book, "Los Cuatrocentistas Catalanes," which reveals a flourishing school of painting in Barcelona throughout the fifteenth century.

Dr. A. Schulten, working with funds provided by the Prussian Government, has excavated the site of the old city of Numantia, which was destroyed by Scipio, and has determined the position of the forts thrown up by Scipio's beleaguering army. Dr. Schulten's discoveries will throw light on a difficult period of Roman history.

The *Bollettino d'Arte* for April is as usual largely devoted to museum news. The gallery of the Turin library has been rearranged with a view to emphasizing the Piedmontese school. At Parma a fine Dosso has been bought—a St. Michael disciplining the fiend in a splendid landscape. The addition is valuable because of the analogies between Correggio and the later painters of Ferrara. The leading article is a study of a Greco-Roman sarcophagus recently discovered near the church of S. Vittorio.

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Ravenna. The sculpture represents an oculist examining a patient, and there is a garbled Greek inscription in Roman letter, which Dr. Paolo Amaducci has ingeniously emended and translated. The work is of the end of the third century, A. D., and poor enough, but the piece is rare iconographically, and recalls the Grecian origin of Roman medicine.

By the time this note is printed the exhibition of Umbrian Art at Perugia will be in full swing, and connoisseurs will be more or less amicably tearing the catalogue and each other to pieces. Out of such strife some truth usually comes. There is also an enormous influx of the nonmilitant and merely curious, not to mention the dealers. From all parts of Italy round-trip tickets are to be had at greatly reduced rates—a point for tourists to remember. Those who wish to see the show in its early, and (judging by previous experience, incomplete) stages should engage their rooms a month in advance. The wise course for most will be to wait till the rush is over, for as summer approaches the upper Tiber valley becomes only more attractive.

Edward Kemys, a veteran of the civil war, and a sculptor of wide reputation, died on Saturday at his home, in Washington, in his sixty-fifth year. Mr. Kemys was born in Savannah, Ga., but his sympathies were strongly with the North and he enlisted, when little more than a lad, in the Sixty-fifth New York Infantry. He served until the close of hostilities, and was mustered out with the rank of captain of artillery. He was a member of the group of engineers who laid out Central Park in this city, and in connection with this work he accidentally discovered his own talent for animal sculpture. Without previous training he modelled a wolf's head with such facility and vigor that he determined to study and devote himself to sculpture. He went to Paris and exhibited for the first time in 1878 in the Paris Salon a bronze group of Bison and Wolves. Later he returned to America and spent a great deal of time in the West, hunting and studying the wild animal life of the plains and the Rockies. One of his best known works, The Still Hunt, is in Central Park, and Panther and Cubs is in the Metropolitan Museum. A collection of fifty of his bronze works is in the Natural Museum at Washington.

François Eugène Burney, the French engraver, has died, in the sixty-second year of his age. M. Burney was a pupil of Ferdinand Gaillard, and his engravings after Holbein, Velasquez, and others show the style of his master.

Finance.

"DOLLAR WHEAT."

For the first time since the markets were calculating, two years ago, how to provide for the season's bread-eaters out of the short wheat crop of 1904, the price of wheat last Monday, in both New York and Chicago, passed the dollar-mark. "Dollar wheat," like "ten-cent cotton," is a traditional landmark in the trade; when prices rise above that level, it is recognized that an old-time "boom" is in progress. During the general advance of the world's commodity prices, in the past ten years, these two objective points have been reached with reasonable frequency; before the decade began, "dollar wheat" was for many years an unknown phenomenon. Cycles of high prices in wheat, and cycles of low prices, follow one another almost as automatically as cycles of prosperity and cycles of adversity in finance. From 1879 to 1890, inclusive, wheat prices constantly went above the dollar-mark.

In 1891, owing to the Russian crop failure, wheat was above a dollar for several months; but after August of that year, the Chicago price for immediate delivery did not reach such a level during six successive years. It will not have been forgotten what intense excitement, political as well as financial, was caused in the Presidential campaign of 1896, when in November "dollar wheat" was once more touched in New York. It was in some ways a demoralizing blow to the Bryan canvass, which had based its appeal for free silver coinage largely on the facts that "cash wheat" had sold at 53 cents a bushel at Chicago in the preceding August, that "dollar wheat" had not been scored since 1891, and on the inference that, as the Bryan campaigners alleged, wheat could never again sell at profitable prices under the single gold standard. Since that memorable election year, wheat has crossed the dollar-mark in 1897, in 1898 (when it touched $1.85 per bushel), in 1904, and in 1905. The period has, in short, been as distinctively one of high prices for wheat as the preceding seven-year period was one of low prices.

As to the reason for this alternation of high and low price periods, economists differ. Some maintain that it results from alternate decrease and increase in gold production; but unfortunately for this theory, the two sets of phenomena do not cover exactly similar periods. Others ascribe the harvest results to nature, holding that periods of soil exhaustion must follow in due course after large exploiting of new grain areas, due to a previous era of high prices; and certainly the precedent for lean years and fat years, in seven-year periods, is as old as the Book of Genesis. Professor Jevons ascribed alternations of wheat abundance and scarcity, like the resultant alternations of prosperity in general, to the eleven-year interval between maximum sun-spot periods.

Whatever the cause, the fact is a matter of history. The present year's situation, however, is in several respects peculiar, and the violence of the recent advance in wheat—the Chicago price for May delivery was 78¾ cents per bushel on May 1, 82⅝ a week ago to-day, and 94½ last Monday, while on the last-named day the December option touched $1.03½—was not merely a whim of speculators. The situation of our own winter-sown wheat, the damage done in the Southwest by the cold weather, the drought, and the insect pests, and the low "May condition estimate" then expected from our Agricultural Department, were discussed in this column a week ago. The actual figures of that Government report, published last Friday, showed a condition of "winter wheat" 7 per cent. below that of April, and a loss in acreage, through abandoned fields, of 11¼ per cent. from the December estimate, and of 5 per cent. as compared with the area harvested last year. But the highly unfavorable weather conditions of the past six weeks were by no means confined to our Southwestern States. The same abnormally low temperature, which blighted the Texas and Oklahoma wheat, froze the ground in the Northwest, where 25 per cent. of our wheat crop was raised last year. Farmers should have planted their "spring wheat" four or five weeks ago; throughout a good part of the Red River Valley region, and in the whole of the upper Canada, they have hardly got it under ground as yet; and this means a crop prematurely exposed, in its early and tender growth, to the hot winds of summer, and equally jeopardized, because of its delayed maturity, by the frosts of early autumn.

Meanwhile, by a most unusual coincidence, precisely the same abnormal cold—of which even people in our Atlantic seaboard cities have been complaining—has overhung the European continent. France, Germany, Russia, and the fertile Danube Valley, which among them raised

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last year one-third of the wheat of the world, have been watching their crop with apprehension. Here was at least the possibility of an exceptional situation, certainly not witnessed in a dozen years. When our wheat crop ran comparatively short in 1904, Russia increased her own to precisely the extent of the shortage. When Russia's partly failed in 1905, a large American crop made up the difference. Even in such a year as 1897, when crop failure cut down Europe's yield 352,000,000 bushels from the year before, North America produced 105,000,000 bushels more than in 1896. These reminiscences will give some idea of the peculiar possibilities to-day.

They are as yet only possibilities; the chances are still heavily against such world-wide deficiency as occurred in the famous year 1881, when scorching drought withered this country's crops, and when, simultaneously, a wet harvest half destroyed the yield in England and on the Continent. What the effect of such a shortage, supposing the worst to happen, would be on the financial situation, and in particular on the "American boom," is a question which many financiers are putting to themselves. It would certainly injure prospects on both hemispheres. The price of wheat would, of course, advance to figures not yet approached, and we should hear once more the familiar argument that a short crop sold at high prices is quite as good as a "bumper crop" with values low. But this is pure illusion; it is of a piece with the argument that the burning of San Francisco was a good thing for business, because the rebuilding of the city would increase the demand for materials and labor. A year's harvests are the new wealth on which the ensuing season's prosperity is based, and high prices for what is left after wholesale destruction cannot possibly make up for what is gone. In 1881, the results were distinctly bad; notably on our foreign trade, for with all the higher price, we had little more wheat than our home consumers needed, and a great part of our annual export disappeared.

To this day, it is a matter of discussion, which event caused the admitted "downward turn of prosperity" that began with 1881—the assassination of Garfield, the exploding of an unsound financial "boom," or the failure of the crops. The best consolation to the American farmer, in the event of serious further damage to our wheat crop, would lie in the recent spread of "diversified farming," which makes possible, after one early crop has failed, the substitution of other crops with a ready market. And meantime, it still remains to be proved that even our wheat crop is to be seriously damaged.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Fulda's Das Verlorene Paradise. Edited by Paul H. Grummann. Boston: Ginn & Co. 45 cents.
Griswold, Lorenzo. Short Stories. The Trow Press.
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